TALES, ROMANCES, APOLOGUES, ANECDOTES, AND NOVELS; HUMOROUS, SATIRIC, ENTERTAINING, HISTORICAL, TRAGICAL AND MORAL;

Douce
F. 128

FROM THE FRENCH

OF THE

ABBÉ BLANCHET,
M. BRET,
M. DE LA PLACE,
M. IMBERT,
M. SAINT LAMBERT,
and the
CHEVALIER DE
FLORIAN.

VOL. II.

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VOL. II.

THE CONSTANT LOVERS;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF PEDRO AND CELESTINA.

BY THE

CHEVALIER DE FLORIAN.

CELESTINA, at ſeventeen, was the moſt admired beauty in Grenada. She was an orphan, and heireſs to an immenſe fortune, under the guardianſhip of an old and avaricious uncle, whoſe name was Alonzo, and who paſſed his days in counting ducats, and his nights in

ſilencing ſerenades, nocturnally addreſſed to Celeſtina. His deſign was to marry her, for the ſake of her great fortune, to his own ſon, Henriquez, who had ſtudied ten years in the univerſity of Salamanca, and was now able to explain Cornelius Nepos tolerably well.

Almoſt all the Cavaliers of Grenada were in love with Celeſtina. As they could only obtain a ſight of her at maſs, the church ſhe frequented was filled with great numbers of the handſomeſt, and moſt accompliſhed youths of the country.

One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed, among theſe, was Don Pedro, a Captain of Cavalry, about twenty, not very rich, but of one of the firſt families. Handſome, polite, and witty,

ty, he drew on himſelf the eyes of all the ladies of Grenada; though he himſelf paid attention to none but Celeſtina: while ſhe, not inſenſible to his attachment, began, on her part, to take conſiderable notice of her admirer.

Two months paſſed away without the lovers daring to ſpeak, though, nevertheleſs, they ſilently ſaid a great deal. At the end of that time Don Pedro found the means of conveying a letter to his miſtreſs; which informed her of what ſhe knew before. The reſerved Celeſtina had no ſooner read this letter than ſhe ordered it to be ſent back to Don Pedro; but, as ſhe poſſeſſed an excellent memory, ſhe retained every word, and was able to return a very punctual anſwer, a whole week afterwards.

A correſpondence was now ſettled between the two lovers. Don Pedro was deſirous to be ſtill more intimate. He had long ſolicited permiſſion to converſe with Celeſtina, through her lattices; ſuch is the cuſtom in Spain; where the windows are of much more uſe during the night than the day. They are the places of rendezvous. When the ſtreet is vacant and ſtill, the lover wraps himſelf up in his cloak, and, taking his ſword, invokes love and night to favor him, proceeds to ſome low lattice, grated on the ſide next the ſtreet, and ſecured on the inſide by ſhutters.

He waits not long before the window opens, ſoftly, and the charming maid appears. She aſks, in a tremulous voice, if any one is there.

Her

Her lover, tranſported at her condeſcenſion, endeavors to diſpel her fears. They talk in a whiſper, and repeat the ſame thing a hundred times. The gratings cannot hinder their interchanging vows; though they may prevent their kiſſes. The lover curſes the envious bars, while his miſtreſs thanks them for their friendly interpoſition. Day, at length, approaches, and they muſt ſeparate. They are an hour in taking leave; and part, at laſt, without having ſaid half the tender things they intended.

Celeſtina's lattice was on the ground floor, and opened into a narrow paſſage, where the houſes were ill built, and only inhabited by the lower claſs of people. Don Pedro's old nurſe happened to occupy a te-

nement directly oppoſite the window of Celeſtina. Pedro, therefore, repaired to his nurſe. My good woman, ſaid he, I have been much to blame to ſuffer you to live ſo long in this miſerable habitation; but I am determined to make you amends by giving you an apartment in my own houſe. Come, and reſide in that, and leave me to diſpoſe of this.

The honeſt woman could not refrain from tears; and, for a long time, refuſed; but, at laſt, overcome by his ſolicitations, ſhe conſented to the exchange, with every expreſſion of gratitude, for the kindneſs of her benefactor.

Never did any monarch enter his palace with more ſatisfaction than

Don

Don Pedro took poſſeſſion of the hovel of his nurſe.

Early in the evening Celeſtina appeared at her lattice. She promiſed to repair thither every other day, and ſhe kept her word. Theſe delightful interviews ſerved only to encreaſe the flame of love; and, very ſoon, the lover's nights were paſſed in pleaſing converſation, and their days in writing paſſionate epiſtles.

At length they had both arrived at that intoxication of delight and anxiety which is the laſt period of the paſſion of love.

Juſt at this time Henriquez, the intended huſband of Celeſtina, arrived from Salamanca; bringing with him a declaration of his paſſion in Latin, which had been writ-

ten for him by the head of his college.

The lovers conſulted each other on this event at the lattice; but, in the mean time, the old guardian had drawn up a contract of marriage, and a day was fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials of Celeſtina and Henriquez.

Every one muſt perceive that, under ſuch circumſtances, the only remedy was to fly into Portugal. This was determined on; and it was alſo ſettled that the two lovers, on arriving at Liſbon, ſhould firſt marry, and afterwards have recourſe to the law, againſt the guardian.

Celeſtina was to carry with her a box of jewels, which had been left her by her mother. Theſe were very

very valuable, and would be ſufficient to maintain the happy couple till their law-ſuit ſhould be decided in their favor. No plan could ever be laid with more prudence.

Nothing was now wanting but to contrive how to effect this eſcape; and, for which purpoſe, it was neceſſary to procure the key of the lattice. In this Celeſtina ſucceeded.

It was therefore reſolved that, the next night, at eleven, Don Pedro, after having appointed horſes to wait without the city, ſhould come and fetch Celeſtina; who ſhould deſcend from the window, into the arms of her lover, and immediately ſet off for Portugal.

Don Pedro ſpent the whole day in preparations for his departure.

Celeſtina, on her part, was equally buſy, in getting ready the little box ſhe was to take with her. She was very careful not to omit ſecuring in it a very fine emerald, which had been given her by her lover.

Celeſtina and her box were ready by eight in the evening; and, before ten, Don Pedro, who had already provided carriages on the road to Andaluſia, arrived at the appointed ſpot; his heart beating with perturbation and hope.

As he approached the place, he heard perſons calling for help, and perceived two men attacked by five aſſaſſins, armed with ſwords and bludgeons. The brave Pedro forgot his own affairs to defend the lives of the aſſaulted. He wounded

two,

two, and put the other three antagoniſts to flight.

What was his ſurprize, on more attentively conſidering thoſe he had delivered, to perceive they were no other than Henriquez and Celeſtina's guardian Alonzo! Some deſperate young Cavalier of the city, who was in love with Celeſtina, knowing it was intended that Henriquez ſhould eſpouſe her, had hired bravoes, a ſpecies of raſcals but too common in Spain, to aſſaſſinate them; and, had it not been for the valor of Don Pedro, the young ſcholar and the old miſer would have found it no eaſy matter to have eſcaped with life.

Pedro did his utmoſt to avoid their grateful acknowledgments, but Henriquez, who piqued himſelf on

having learned politeneſs, in Salamanca, ſwore he ſhould not leave them that night. Pedro, in deſpair, had already heard the clock ſtrike eleven. Alas! he knew not the miſchief that had happened.

One of the bravoes, whom he had put to flight, had paſſed muffled up in his cloak, near the lattice of Celeſtina. The night was extremely dark, and the unfortunate fair, having opened the window, imagined him to be Don Pedro. She preſented him the box with joyful impatience.

Take our diamonds, ſaid ſhe, while I deſcend.

At the word, diamonds, the bravo ſuddenly ſtopped, took the box, with-

out ſpeaking a word, and, while Celeſtina was coming down from the window, fled with the utmoſt precipitation.

Imagine the ſurpriſe of Celeſtina, when ſhe found herſelf alone, in the ſtreet, and ſaw nothing of him whom ſhe had ſuppoſed to be Don Pedro. She thought, at firſt, he had left her, to avoid raiſing ſuſpicion or alarm. She, therefore, haſtily walked to a little diſtance, looked round on every ſide and called in a low voice. But no Pedro could ſhe ſee; no lover could ſhe hear.

She now was ſeized with the moſt alarming apprehenſions. She knew not whether it were moſt adviſeable to return home or endeavor to find the horſes and attendants of Don Pedro, that were waiting out of town. She continued to walk forwards,

wards, in the utmoſt uncertainty and diſtreſs, till ſhe had loſt herſelf, among the ſtreets; while her fears were redoubled by darkneſs and ſilence.

At length ſhe met a perſon, whom ſhe aſked if ſhe were far from the gate of the city. The ſtranger conducted her thither, but ſhe found nobody waiting as ſhe expected.

She dared not yet accuſe her lover of deceiving her: ſtill ſhe hoped he was at no great diſtance. She, therefore, proceeded along the road, fearful of every buſh, and calling Don Pedro at every ſtep; but the farther ſhe walked the more ſhe was bewildered; for ſhe had come out of the city on the ſide oppoſite to the Portugal road.

In

In the mean time Don Pedro found himſelf unable to get away from the grateful Henriquez, and his father. They would not ſuffer him to leave them for a moment, but obliged him to enter the houſe with them, to which Pedro, fearful of betraying his intent, and fruſtrating his deareſt hopes; and imagining, too, that Celeſtina might be ſoon ſatisfied why he thus delayed, moſt reluctantly conſented.

Alonzo haſtens to the chamber of his ward, to inform her of the danger he had juſt eſcaped. He calls, but receives no anſwer; enters her apartment, and finds the lattice open; his cries collect the ſervants, the alarm is immediately given, Celeſtina is miſſing.

Pedro,

Pedro, in deſpair, immediately offered to go in queſt of her. Henriquez, thanking him for the concern he expreſſed, declared his reſolution of accompanying him. Pedro ſuggeſted that the probability of finding her would be greater if they took different roads. Accordingly, he haſtened to rejoin his domeſtics; and not doubting but Celeſtina had taken the road to Portugal, put his horſes on at full ſpeed. But their ſwiftneſs only removed him farther from the object of his love; while Henriquez galloped towards the Alpuxarian mountains, the way Celeſtina had actually gone.

In the mean time, Celeſtina continued to wander, diſconſolate, along the road that led to the Alpuxares; ſeeking her lover. Anon ſhe heard the clat-

clattering of approaching horſes; and, at firſt, imagined it might be her beloved Pedro: but, afterwards, fearful of diſcovery, the violence of travellers, or, perhaps, robbers, ſhe concealed herſelf, trembling, behind ſome buſhes.

Here ſhe preſently ſaw Henriquez paſs by, followed by a number of ſervants. Shuddering at the danger of being again in the power, and dreading a ſecond time to ſubmit to the redoubled tyranny, of Alonzo, if ſhe continued in the high road, ſhe turned aſide, and took refuge in a thick wood.

The Alpuxares are a chain of mountains, which extend from Granada to the Mediterranean. They are only inhabited by a few peaſants. To theſe fear and error conducted the

the unfortunate maiden. A dry and ſtony ſoil, with a few oak trees, thinly ſcattered, ſome torrents and echoing cataracts, and a number of wild goats, leaping from precipice to precipice, are the only objects which preſent themſelves to the eyes of Celeſtina, as ſoon as day begins to break. Exhauſted, at length, with wearineſs and vexation, her feet being torn by the rugged ſtones over which ſhe had paſſed, ſhe ſat down under a rock, through the clifts of which a limpid water gently oozed.

The ſilence of this grotto, the wildneſs of the landſcape around, the hoarſe and diſtant murmur of ſeveral caſcades, and the noiſe of the water near her, falling drop by drop into the baſin it had hollowed beneath, all conſpired to convince

Celeſtina

Celeſtina that ſhe was alone in the midſt of a deſert, abandoned by her lover, who, to her, was the whole world.

She ſat herſelf down on the edge of this ſtream, to vent her grief in tears, reflecting on the miſeries that ſeemed to threaten her, but above all on her loſt Don Pedro, whom, at moments, ſhe ſtill flattered herſelf ſhe ſhould one day regain.

It certainly was not him, ſaid ſhe, whom I ſaw carry off my diamonds. I muſt have been miſtaken. Yet, how was it poſſible that my heart ſhould not have informed me of the truth? No doubt he is now far hence, ſeeking me with anxiety and diſtraction; while I, as far diſtant from him, here am periſhing.

While

While mournfully thus ſhe ruminated, ſhe heard, at the bottom of the grotto, the ſound of a ruſtic flute. She liſtened, while a harmonious and artleſs voice ſang the following words:

Ah, love! thy joys how ſhort! how inſincere!
Thy pangs!—eternal! Ah, and how ſevere!

With many a vow,
Falſe Sylvia, thou
Didſt promiſe me, fond hapleſs youth,
Thy everlaſting love and truth:
Long as beſide yon verdant hill
Shall gently glide the murmuring rill,
I'll love my ſhepherd, Sylvia ſaid!
Lo here's the rill! but where the maid?
Ah, love! thy joys how ſhort! how inſincere!
Thy pangs!—eternal! Ah, and how ſevere!

And who on the earth's wide ſurface can be more feelingly ſenſible of this than myſelf? ſaid Celeſtina, coming

coming from the grotto to ſearch for this plaintive ſongſter.

She found a young goatherd, ſitting at the foot of a willow, his eyes bedewed with his tears, and fixed on the water as it iſſued from its rocky ſource. In his hand he held a flageolet, and by his ſide lay a ſtaff and a little parcel.

Shepherd, ſaid Celeſtina, you are no doubt forſaken by your miſtreſs; have pity on one abandoned, like yourſelf, and ſhew me my way, among theſe mountains, to ſome village, or habitation, where I may procure, though not repoſe, at leaſt, ſuſtenance.

Alas! Madam, replied the goatherd, I wiſh it were in my power to conduct you to the village of Gadara,

Gadara, behind theſe rocks: but you will not aſk me to return thither, when you are informed my miſtreſs is this day to be married to my rival. I am going to leave theſe mountains, never to behold them more; and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a change of dreſs, which I have in this parcel, and the memory of the happineſs I have loſt.

This ſhort account ſuggeſted a new project to Celeſtina.

My friend, ſaid ſhe to the goatherd, you have no money, which you will certainly want, when you have left this country. I have a few pieces of gold; theſe I will divide with you, if you will let me have the dreſs you ſay is in your parcel.

The

The goatherd accepted the offer. Celeſtina gave him a dozen ducats, and, having informed herſelf which was the road to Gadara, took her leave of the deſpairing lover, and returned into the grotto to put on her newly purchaſed diſguiſe.

She came out habited in a veſt of chamois ſkin, with a ſhepherd's wallet hanging by her ſide, and, on her head, a hat ornamented with ribbands. In this attire ſhe appeared yet more beautiful than when adorned with brocades and jewels. She took the road to the village, and, ſtopping in the market place, enquired, of the peaſants, if they knew of any farmer who wanted a ſervant.

The inhabitants ſurround her, and ſurvey the ſtranger with admiration.

miration. The girls expreſs their ſurprize at the beauty of her flowing ringlets; her elegant form, her graceful manner, the brilliancy of her eyes, even though dejected, their ſuperior intelligence and mild benignity, aſtoniſh and delight all beholders. No one could conceive from whence came this beautiful youth. One imagines him a perſon of high diſtinction in diſguiſe; another, a prince, in love with ſome ſhepherdeſs; while the ſchoolmaſter, who was at the ſame time the poet of the village, declared it muſt be Apollo, ſent down, a ſecond time, to keep ſheep among mortals!

Celeſtina, who aſſumed the name of Marcelio, was not long in want of a maſter. She was hired by an aged

aged Alcade of the village, eſteemed one of the worthieſt men in the whole province.

This honeſt countryman ſoon contracted the warmeſt friendſhip for Celeſtina. He ſcarcely ſuffered her to tend his flock for a month before he gave her an employment within his houſe, in which the pretended Marcelio behaved with ſo much propriety and fidelity, that he was equally beloved by maſter and ſervants.

Before he had lived here half a year, the Alcade, who was more than eighty, left the entire management of all he poſſeſſed to Marcelio: he even aſked his opinion in all the cauſes that came before him, and never had any Alcade decided with

ſo much juſtice as he, from the time he permitted himſelf to be guided by the advice of Marcelio. Marcelio was beloved and propoſed as an example to all the village: his affability, his pleaſing manner, and his good ſenſe gained every heart. See the excellent Marcelio, cried the mothers to their ſons, he is continually with his maſter, he is perpetually employed in rendering his old age happy, and never neglects his duty, like you, to run after the ſhepherdeſſes!

Two years paſſed away in this manner. Celeſtina, whoſe thoughts were continually employed on her lover, had ſent a ſhepherd, in whom ſhe could confide, to Grenada, to procure information concerning Don Pedro, Alonzo, and Henriquez.

The

The ſhepherd brought word back, that Alonzo was dead, Henriquez married, and that Pedro had not been ſeen or heard of for the laſt two years.

Celeſtina now loſt all hope of ever again beholding her lover, and, happy in being able to paſs her days in that village, in the boſom of peace and friendſhip, had reſolved to bid an eternal adieu to love, when the old Alcade, her maſter, fell dangerouſly ill. Marcelio attended his laſt moments with all the affection of a ſon, and the good old man behaved to him like a grateful father; he died and left all he poſſeſſed to the faithful Marcelio. But his will was by no means a ſufficient conſolation to his heir.

The whole village mourned for the Alcade, and, after his funeral rites had been celebrated with more ſorrow than pomp, the inhabitants of the place aſſembled to chuſe a ſucceſſor. In Spain certain villages have the right of nominating their own Alcade, whoſe office it is to decide their differences, and take cognizance of greater crimes by arreſting and examining the offenders, and delivering them over to the ſuperior judges, who generally confirm the ſentence of thoſe ruſtic magiſtrates; for good laws are always perfectly conſonant to ſimple reaſon.

The villagers, being met, agreed, with one voice, that no one could be ſo proper to ſucceed the late Alcade as the youth whom he ſeemed to have deſigned for his ſucceſſor.

The

The old men, therefore, followed by their ſons, came with all the uſual ceremonies to offer Marcelio the white wand, the enſign of the vacant office. Celeſtina accepted it, and ſenſibly touched by ſuch a proof of eſteem and affection from theſe good people, reſolved to conſecrate to their happineſs a life ſhe had formerly intended to dedicate to love.

While the new Alcade is buſied with the duties of her office, let us return to the unfortunate Don Pedro, whom we left galloping towards Portugal, and continually removing farther from her he ſo anxiouſly ſought.

He arrived at Liſbon, without obtaining any intelligence of Celeſtina, and immediately returned, by the ſame road, to reſearch every

place he had before in vain examined; again he returned to Liſbon, but without ſucceſs.

After ſix months ineffectual enquiry, having aſſured himſelf that Celeſtina had never returned to Granada, he imagined ſhe might perhaps be at Seville, where, he knew, ſhe had relations. Immediately he haſtened to Seville, there he found the relations of Celeſtina had juſt embarked for Mexico.

Pedro no longer doubted but his miſtreſs was gone with them, and directly went on board the laſt ſhip which remained to ſail. He arrived at Mexico, where he found the relations, but, alas! no Celeſtina; they had heard nothing of her: he, therefore, returned to Spain.

And

And now the ſhip is attacked by a violent ſtorm, and caſt away on the coaſt of Granada: himſelf, and a few of the paſſengers, ſave themſelves by ſwimming; they land, and make their way to the mountains, to procure aſſiſtance, and, by chance or love, are conducted to Gadara.

Don Pedro, and his unfortunate companions, took refuge in the firſt inn, congratulating each other on the danger they had eſcaped. While they were diſcourſing on their adventures, one of the paſſengers began to quarrel with a ſoldier, concerning a box, which the paſſenger aſſerted belonged to him.

Don Pedro, deſirous to put an end to the contention, obliged the paſſenger to declare what it contained,

opening it at the ſame time to diſcover whether he ſpoke truth.

How great was his ſurprize to find in it the jewels of Celeſtina, and, among them, the very emerald he had given her. For a moment he ſtood motionleſs, examining attentively the caſket, and fixing his eyes, ſparkling with rage, on the claimant, how came you by theſe jewels? ſaid he, with a voice of terror.

What does it ſignify, replied the paſſenger haughtily, how I came by them? It is ſufficient that I am poſſeſſed of them.

He then endeavored to ſnatch the caſket from Don Pedro; but he, puſhing him back, inſtantly drew his ſword.

Wretch,

Wretch, ſaid he, confeſs your crime, or you die this moment.

So ſaying, he attacked him with great fury: his antagoniſt defended himſelf with equal bravery, but preſently received a mortal wound and fell.

Don Pedro was immediately ſurrounded and ſeized, by the people of the houſe. They take him to priſon, and the maſter of the inn ſends his wife to fetch the clergyman of the pariſh, that he may adminiſter ſpiritual comfort to the dying man, while he runs, himſelf, to the Alcade, to carry the caſket, and inform him of the whole adventure.

How great was the ſurprize, the joy, and the anxiety of Celeſtina on

perceiving her diamonds, and hearing the behavior of the noble ſtranger.

She immediately haſtened to the inn, the miniſter was already there, and the dying man, induced by his exhortations, declared, in preſence of the Alcade, that, two years before, as he was one night paſſing through a ſtreet in Granada, a lady had given him that box, through a lattice, telling him to hold it till ſhe came down, but that he immediately made off with the jewels, for which theft he aſked pardon of God, and the unknown lady, whom he had injured.

Immediately after this confeſſion he expired, and Celeſtina ran to the priſon.

How

How did her heart palpitate with expectation! ſhe could no longer doubt but ſhe ſhould again ſee Don Pedro, but ſhe feared ſhe ſhould be known by him; ſhe therefore pulled her hat over her eyes, wrapped herſelf up in her cloak, and, preceded by her clerk and the goaler, entered the dungeon.

No ſooner had ſhe gotten to the bottom of the ſtairs than ſhe perceived Don Pedro. Her joy almoſt deprived her of ſpeech; ſhe leaned againſt the wall, her head ſunk on her ſhoulder, and the tears ſtreamed down her cheeks. She wiped them away, ſtopped a moment to take breath, and, endeavoring to ſpeak with firmneſs, approached the priſoner.

Stranger, ſaid ſhe, diſguiſing her voice, you have killed your companion.—What could induce you—to ſo horrid an action?

Theſe few words were all ſhe could utter, and ſeating herſelf on a ſtone, ſhe concealed her face with her hand.

Alcade, replied Don Pedro, I have committed no crime; it was an act of juſtice; but I beg for death. Death alone can end the continual miſeries of which the wretch I have ſacrificed to my revenge was the firſt cauſe. Condemn me. I wiſh not to make a defence. Deliver me from a life which is hateful to me, ſince I have loſt what alone could render it delightful; ſince I can no longer hope ever to find——

He

He was unable to conclude, and his voice faintly expreſſed the name of Celeſtina.

Celeſtina trembled on hearing him pronounce her name. She could ſcarcely conceal her tranſports, but was ready to riſe and throw herſelf into the arms of her lover. The preſence, however, of ſo many witneſſes reſtrained her. She, therefore, turned away her eyes, and faintly requeſted to be left alone with the priſoner. She was obeyed.

Giving a free courſe to her tears, ſhe advanced towards Don Pedro, and, offering him her hand, ſaid to him, in a moſt affectionate tone, Do you then ſtill love her who lives for you alone?

At theſe words, at this voice, Pedro lifts his head, unable to believe his eyes. Oh Heaven! is it—Is it my Celeſtina! or is it ſome angelic Being aſſuming her Form? Yes, it is her. I can no longer doubt it, cried he, claſping her in his arms, and bathing her with his tears. It is my love, my life, and all my woes are ended.

No, ſaid Celeſtina, as ſoon as ſhe could recover ſpeech, you are guilty of bloodſhed, and I cannot free you from your fetters; but I will repair to-morrow to the ſuperior judge, will inform him of the ſecret of my birth, relate to him our misfortunes, and, if he refuſes me your liberty, will return and end my days with you in this priſon.

Mar-

Marcelio immediately gave orders for the removal of Pedro from the ſubterraneous dungeon into a leſs hideous place of ſecurity; took care that he ſhould want for nothing, and afterwards returned home to prepare for his journey, the next day, when a moſt alarming event prevented his departure, and haſtened the delivery of Don Pedro.

Some Algerine galleys, which had for ſeveral days purſued the ſhip on board of which Don Pedro was, had arrived on the coaſt, ſometime after the ſhipwreck; and, willing to repay themſelves for the trouble they had taken, had determined to land, during the night. Two renegadoes, who knew the country, undertook to conduct the barbarians to the village of Gadara, and fulfilled their promiſe but too well.

About

About one in the morning, when labor enjoys repoſe, and villainy wakes to remorſe, the dreadful cry *to arms!* was heard.

The Moors had landed, and were burning and ſlaughtering all before them. The darkneſs of the night, the groans of the dying, and the ſhrieks of the terrified inhabitants, filled every heart with conſternation. The trembling wives caught their huſbands in their arms; and the old men ſought ſuccour from their ſons. In a moment the village was in flames, the light of which diſcovered the gory ſcymitars and white turbans of the Moors.

Thoſe barbarians, the flambeau in one hand and the hatchet in the other, were breaking and burning the

the doors of the houſes; and, making their way through the ſmoaking ruins, to ſeek for victims or for plunder, returning covered with blood, and loaded with booty.

Here behold them ruſh into the chamber, whither two lovers, the bride and bridegroom of the day, had been conducted by their mother. More deſirous to be grateful even than happy, they, both on their knees, ſide by ſide, poured forth thanks to Heaven, for having crowned their faithful and chaſte wiſhes. While each prayed for the other's happineſs, lo, an unfeeling wretch, remorſeleſs, ſeizes the timid bride, loads her unhappy lover, whom in cruelty he ſpares, with chains, and ſnatches, before his face, ſpite of his diſtracting tears, prayers and exclamations,

mations, that prize which was due to him alone.

Others behold, ſtill more cruel, take the ſleeping infant from it's cradle. The mother, frantic, defends it, ſingly, againſt a hoſt. Nothing can repel, nothing terrify her. Death ſhe braves, and provokes. For her child ſhe ſupplicates, threatens, and combats; while the tender infant, already ſeized by theſe tigers, ſtarts, wakes, ſtares, with the wild agony of terror, on the grim viſage of its murderer, and ſinks into convulſive horror and ſleep, from which it wakes no more.

Nothing is held ſacred by theſe monſters. They force their way into the temples of the Moſt High, break the ſhrines, ſtrip off the gold,

and

and trample the holy relicts under foot. Alas! of what avail to prieſts their ſacred character, to the aged their grey hairs, to youth its graces, or to infancy its innocence? Slavery, fire, devaſtation and death are every where, and pity is fled.

On the firſt alarm and tumult the Alcade made all poſſible haſte to the priſon to inform Don Pedro of the danger. The brave Pedro demanded a ſword for himſelf and a buckler for the Alcade. He takes Celeſtina by the hand, and makes his way to the market-place. There he addreſſes the fugitives.

My friends, cries he, are ye Spaniards, and do ye fly and abandon your wives and children to the fury of the infidels?

He

He ſtops them, collects them round him, inſpires them with his own valor, and, more than human, for he is a lover and a hero, ruſhes, ſabre in hand, on a party of the Moors, whom he breaks and diſperſes. The inhabitants recover their recollection and their courage, enraged behold their ſlaughtered friends, and haſten in crowds to join their leader.

Pedro, without quitting Celeſtina, and ever ſollicitous to expoſe his life in her defence, attacks the barbarians, at the head of his brave Spaniards, and, dealing deſtruction to all who make reſiſtance, drives the fugitives before him, retakes the plunder and the priſoners, and only quits the purſuit of the enemy to return and extinguiſh the fires.

The

The day began to break, when a body of troops, who had too late received information of the deſcent of the infidels, arrived from a neighboring town. The Governor had put himſelf at their head, and found Don Pedro ſurrounded by women, children, and old men; who, weeping, kiſſed his hands, with unfeigned gratitude, for having preſerved their huſbands, their fathers, or their ſons.

The Governor, informed of the exploits of Don Pedro, loaded him with praiſes and careſſes; but Celeſtina, requeſting to be heard, declared to the Governor, in preſence of the whole village, her ſex; giving at the ſame time a relation of her adventures, the death of the bravo by Don Pedro, and the circumſtances

cumſtances which rendered him excuſable.

All the inhabitants, greatly affected with her ſtory, fell at the feet of the Governor, intreating pardon for the man to whom they were indebted for their preſervation. The requeſt was granted, and the happy Pedro, thus reſtored to his dear Celeſtina, embraced the Governor, and bleſſed the good inhabitants. One of the old men then advanced. Brave ſtranger, ſaid he, you are our deliverer, but you take from us our Alcade; this loſs perhaps outweighs your benefit. Double our bleſſings, inſtead of depriving us of our greateſt, remain in this village, condeſcend to become our Alcade, our maſter, our friend. Honor us ſo far as to permit nothing to abate our love for you. In a great city, the cowardly

cowardly and the wicked, who maintain the ſame rank with yourſelf, will think themſelves your equals; while, here, every virtuous inhabitant will look on you as his father; next to the Deity himſelf, you will receive, from us, the higheſt honor; and, while life remains, on the anniverſary of this day, the fathers of our families will preſent their children before you, ſaying, behold the man who preſerved the lives of your mothers.

Pedro was enchanted while he liſtened to the old man. Yes, cried he, my children, yes, my brethren, I will remain here. My life ſhall be devoted to Celeſtina and to you. But my wife has conſiderable poſſeſſions in Granada. Our excellent Governor will add his intereſt to ours that we may recover them, and they ſhall be employed

employed to rebuild the houſes which have been burnt by the infidels. On this condition, alone, will I accept the office of Alcade; and though I ſhould expend, in your ſervice, both my riches and my life, I ſhould ſtill be your debtor; for it is you who have reſtored me my Celeſtina!

Imagine the tranſports of the good villagers while Don Pedro ſpoke. The Governor was a perſon of great power, and undertook to arrange every thing to his wiſh; and, two days afterwards, the marriage was celebrated between Celeſtina and her lover.

Notwithſtanding their late misfortunes, nothing could exceed the joy of the inhabitants.

The

The two lovers long lived in unexampled felicity; and, happy and virtuous themſelves, made the whole diſtrict happy and virtuous likewiſe.

HISTORICAL AND REMARKABLE

ANECDOTE

OF

PANIC AND COWARDICE,

IN A BRAVE OFFICER.

FROM

PIECES INTERESSANTES,

BY M. DE LA PLACE.

SOME days after the battle of Malplaquet, a widow lady, who reſided at Calais, and whoſe huſband, named St. Lo, had loſt his life in the ſervice of his country, as ſhe was one evening at ſupper, with ſeveral friends, was informed, by her ſervant, that a gentleman wiſhed to ſpeak with her in an adjoining apartment.

She

She found, there, an old officer; whoſe features ſhe thought ſhe recollected, notwithſtanding his paleneſs and the diſorder of his dreſs.

Do you not know me, Madam, ſaid he?

How, Sir! cried ſhe, ſurveying him with much attention. Can it be you? Are you not Monſieur P***?

Yes, Madam, anſwered he, the ſame; your old friend and relation, whom you have not ſeen for twenty years, and who, from the rank of enſign, in one of the firſt regiments of France, has, after forty years ſervice, arrived at the degree of a Lieutenant Colonel in the ſame regiment; and, after being long honored

with the eſteem and confidence of his ſuperiors, ſees himſelf reduced to the neceſſity of requeſting an aſylum, for this night, and of entreating you to keep his arrival, here, an inviolable ſecret.

Gracious Heaven! cried the lady, whoſe ſurprize equalled her concern. What can have happened to you?

Madam, replied he, we have no time to loſe in a long converſation. You ſee the condition I am in. The fatigue I have undergone, and the company you have left, who, no doubt, expect you ſoon to return, will not permit us now to enter into particulars. A bed is all I at preſent want. To-morrow morning you ſhall know my misfortunes.

Give

Give the proper orders to your domeſtics, and return to your friends.

The next morning, the lady, whoſe reſt had been not a little diſturbed by thinking on this unexpected viſitor, having rung for her ſervant, was informed the ſtranger, who had arrived the evening before, had been long up. She therefore ſent to requeſt his company; and, when he came, conjured him, by their ancient friendſhip, not to conceal any part of his hiſtory.

Madam, replied he, with a ſigh, to comply with your requeſt I muſt renounce your eſteem. But you have a right to the truth, and I ſhould think myſelf leſs deſerving your pity ſhould ſelf-reſpect, which I have no longer any pretenſions to indulge, tempt me to hide it from you.

I will confeſs, therefore, that a wretch, who is the moſt deſpicable of men, now implores your compaſſion, hoping to obtain, from your goodneſs, the only favor which the horror he feels, at his preſent ſituation, will permit him to requeſt.

To keep you no longer in ſuſpence, know then that I, utterly unworthy of being born within theſe walls, heretofore ſo gloriouſly defended by our anceſtors, having been appointed to defend, with an hundred grenadiers, though it were only for a ſingle hour, an advanced poſt, upon which the entire ſucceſs of the enſuing battle might depend—— ſhudder at what I am about to tell you, I, that veteran officer, who, three days before, had never known fear, and whoſe bravery is atteſted by

by the ſcars ſtill remaining of the many wounds I have received, at ſight of the enemy, forgetful at once of what I was, and what I muſt become, fled like a coward, an infamous coward; and, ſo great was my panic, after a flight of three hours, I ſcarcely recovered from my terror!

To crown my ignominy I was unable, even when I felt all the exceſs of my ſhame, to liſten to the voice of honor, which admoniſhed me to return to the camp, and expiate my crime, by ſurrendering myſelf to the rigor of military law. I have not bluſhed to preſent myſelf, degraded and deſpicable as I am, before you; in whoſe eyes I already read all that ſurprize and contempt which a wretch, like me, muſt naturally inſpire.

At this terrifying recital, the lady could only expreſs the different ſenſations with which ſhe was agitated by her ſilence and her tears.

I never doubted, Madam, continued the officer, but you muſt ſurvey me with a deteſtation equal to your concern; I, therefore, only purpoſed to requeſt you would procure me a ſpeedy paſſage to England; where, changing my name, I had determined to conceal my ſhame. But I have now abandoned this reſolution, and have written a letter, which is already on its way to my general. In it, I have informed him of every thing I have related to you, and have concluded by entreating him to fix a day on which I may return to the army, and ſurrender myſelf, to take my trial by a court-martial;

martial; too happy if my death, by expiating a crime which has rendered life inſupportable, may procure me, if not the eſteem, at leaſt the pity of my brave comrades; among whom my name muſt be heard with horror, and to whom my example—

How Sir! ſaid the Lady, interrupting him, have you already ſent this letter?—

Yes, Madam; your ſervant carried it to the office two hours ago, and ſaw the courier ready to depart.

And ſhould the General conſent to your propoſal, can you—are you certain of yourſelf—can you reſolve?——

Yes, Madam; and this reſolution has already greatly reſtored eaſe to my diſtracted mind. Every attempt to induce me to change it will be fruitleſs. I once was brave, I turned a coward; but I will not die a coward!

Oh, Sir! how much have you excited my admiration. Yet am I inclined to hope the General, moved by your preſent magnanimity, will—

Hope nothing, dear Madam. Could he pardon me, I ſhould never forgive myſelf; and my ſituation would only become a thouſand times more dreadful.

Eight days after, during which time he remained concealed at his friend's houſe, he received the following

lowing letter from Marechal de Villars :

" It is, no doubt, a moſt humi-
" liating proof of the imbecillity of
" our nature, to learn that a man,
" whoſe courage has ſo often been
" tried and unqueſtioned, for more
" than forty years, ſhould, on a
" ſudden, prove ſo wanting to him-
" ſelf and the moſt ſacred of duties ;
" but no leſs extraordinary is the
" magnanimity with which, the mo-
" ment his delirium ceaſes, he vo-
" luntarily offers his life, in expi-
" ation of his fault, and of the evil
" example which the miſconduct
" he bitterly laments has given to
" others.

" Such, unhappy P**, is my
" opinion; and ſuch that of the

" brave officers of my army. And
" ſince, by the laws of war, you
" are well convinced, it would be
" impoſſible for them either to ac-
" quit you or palliate an offence of
" ſuch a nature, they, as well as
" myſelf, lament your ſufferings too
" ſincerely to accept the generous,
" or, rather, heroic offer, which
" your extreme regret has induced
" you to make.

" My wiſhes, therefore, and thoſe
" of your former friends, moſt un-
" fortunate man, are, that Heaven
" and length of time may conſole,
" and give you ſtrength to ſupport
" a calamity, the remembrance of
" which is no leſs painful to us than
" to yourſelf.

Signed,

" MARECHAL DE VILLARS."

Queſnoy,
Sept. 26, 1709.

This anſwer, which might have been in ſome ſort conſolatory to any other man, only ſerved to heighten the diſtreſsful feelings of the unhappy P**, who, after having ſent back, to his commander, his croſs of St. Louis, condemned himſelf to ſurvive what he called his *opprobrium*; and to continue at Calais, in which town there is always a numerous garriſon, there to appear, the remainder of his life, in the uniform of his regiment; a ſtriking example of the infirmities to which human nature is ever liable; and thus devoting himſelf to the contempt of every officer, every ſoldier, and every inhabitant.

Hiſtorical and very remarkable

NARRATIVE

OF THE

MANNER

IN WHICH

THE YOUTH *CAUMONT*,

Youngeſt of the Sons of M. DE LA FORCE, and afterwards MARECHAL DE FRANCE, eſcaped the General Maſſacre, on St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572.

Taken from an Original Manuſcript and inſerted in *Pieces Intereſſantes*,

BY M. DE LA PLACE.

* *De Caumont, jeune enfant, l'étonnante aventure*
Ira, de bouche en bouche, a la race future.

LA HENRIADE, Chant. II.

THIS deliverance, being entirely to be aſcribed to the

* Caumont, thy ſtrange eſcape, by young and old,
Through diſtant ages, wond'ring, ſhall be told.

Pro-

Providence of God, merits to be particularly related, that he may have all the glory!

Every one knows in what manner the late Admiral de Coligny was wounded, and, a few days after, murdered, in his own houſe, and thrown out of the window of his apartments.

Not far from where he dwelt lived a horſe-dealer, who had ſold nine or ten horſes to M. de la Force, the father, and, foreſeeing the calamities with which the Reformed Religion was threatened, determined to repair immediately to M. de la Force, to inform him of what he had obſerved.

He went to the front of the Louvre, to croſs the water, as the neareſt way to the Rue de Seine, where

where that nobleman lived; but found all the boats employed; he was therefore obliged to go down to the right of the Thuilleries, where, for the moſt part, they were always plying, and found it no leſs impoſſible to obtain one there.

Moved by his regard for his benefactor, he inſtantly ſtripped; and, faſtening his cloaths on his head, ſwam over, and went directly to the houſe of M. de la Force; where, having given him information of what he had ſeen; he left him, and went to find his brother, the Sieur de Caumont, to inform him of this alarming event.

De Caumont immediately aroſe, and went to communicate the intelligence to the principal nobility, who were of the reformed religion,

and

and reſided in the Fauxbourg Saint Germain; that they might aſſemble, and conſult on the proper methods to avoid the miſchief, with which they were threatened.

When they had met, they reſolved, by the advice of the Sieur de Caumont, who always believed this tranſaction was diſapproved by the King, to addreſs themſelves to his Majeſty; and, with that view, immediately proceeded, in a body, toward the river by the Rue de Seine; but found it impoſſible to paſs over to the Louvre, as not a ſingle boat was to be found, on that ſide of the river. This too plainly ſhewed their ſituation was very critical, and that no time was to be loſt, in providing againſt the impending danger.

This

This was on Sunday morning, Auguſt 24th, 1572, an hour before day light.

They immediately reſolved to return home, mount their horſes, and aſſemble, again, in the Pré-aux-Clercs, there prepare to defend themſelves, if they ſhould be attacked; or, if they had time, to retire to their reſpective country ſeats.

At break of day, they received information that all the boats of the Seine were full of ſoldiers, who, as ſoon as they had landed, poured along the Rue de Seine.

Thoſe who were the moſt active of theſe nobles met, as they had agreed, in the Pré-aux-Clercs, and retired, from thence, to their eſtates in the country. The two brothers,

De

De la Force, were there on horſe-back. The elder accompanied the other nobles, in their retreat; but the younger, perceiving his children were not yet on horſeback, determining not to leave them, returned home, barricaded the doors, and retired to his apartment.

Preſently the gate was attacked by a number of ſoldiers, violently exclaiming, with vollies of execrations, Open! open!

He accordingly ordered it to be opened, by a maid ſervant, reſolving to wait the event, patiently, in his chamber, and reſign himſelf to the will of God.

Directly the court-yard was full of ſoldiers, led on by a captain, named Martin, who, with a great number

number of them, ran, with their ſwords drawn, up to the apartment in which De la Force was, crying, Kill! kill! and, having ſecured the weapons of all who were in the houſe, collected them in one corner of the chamber, ſaying, If you deſire to pray to God, pray immediately, for you have not a moment to live.

The Sieur de la Force, the father, directly replied, with calm fortitude, Sir, uſe your pleaſure! I, certainly, have no long time to live; but have ſome compaſſion on theſe children, who can have offended no one, and from whoſe death you can derive no advantage. It is in my power to pay you a conſiderable ranſom, which aſſuredly will be more to your advantage than the ſhedding of innocent blood.

As

As they were ſomewhat attentive to this propoſition, they reſolved to pillage whatever was valuable in the houſe. But not finding the key of the coffers, the valet de chambre who kept them having made his eſcape, they dragged them into the middle of the court-yard, and forced them open with pokers. Neither money, plate, furniture, nor cloaths eſcaped their deſtructive rapine.

After this, they returned to their former threatnings; crying out, with dreadful oaths, The family muſt live no longer; that their orders were to kill all they met, and ſpare none.

But God, who had otherwiſe ordained, ſo far ſoftened their hearts, by the perſuaſive language of the Sieur de la Force, and by the hope of

of two thouſand crowns, which he had promiſed them as a ranſom, that, at length, Martin, the Captain, ſaid to the family, De la Force, all of you follow me!

When they had come down ſtairs, before they left the houſe, he made them tear their handkerchiefs, to place them in the form of a croſs on their hats and bonnets, and turn back the ſleeve of their right arm, quite to the top of the ſhoulder; which was the ſignal by which the murderers were to know each other.

Their company conſiſted of the father and the two children, their valet de chambre, named Du Gaſt, and their page, La Vigerie; five in all. They were led along the banks of the Seine, which they croſſed oppoſite the Louvre.

They

They then no longer doubted but they ſhould be preſently maſſacred, for they ſaw divers who profeſſed the reformed religion, murdered before their faces, and thrown into the river, which, in many parts, was become red with blood.

However, Martin, the Captain, continued to conduct them towards his own houſe; and, near the Louvre, they ſaw a great number of dead bodies, among others the Sieur de Piles.

When they had arrived at the houſe of Martin, he, being deſirous of returning to the like pillage, told the Sieur de la Force that, if he would give his word that neither he nor his children would ſtir from that place, he would leave him in the cuſ-

cuſtody of two Swiſs ſoldiers. At the ſame time, he recommended him to make all poſſible diſpatch, in raiſing the ranſom-money.

The Sieur de la Force, therefore, without loſs of time, ſent Du Gaſt, the valet de chambre of the children, to Madame de Briſembourg, at the Arſenal, who was his ſiſter-in-law; informed her of the ſituation of himſelf and his children, acquainting her that Captain Martin had ſaved their lives, on his promiſing to pay him two thouſand crowns, as a ranſom, and that, relying on her affection, he had made no difficulty to addreſs himſelf to her, to requeſt her aſſiſtance in this preſſing neceſſity, which eſpecially required diligence and ſecreſy.

She

She ſent him word, in anſwer, that ſhe hoped to be able to remit him the ſum he requeſted; and mentioned, that it was the common report they were made priſoners, and, if it reached the King's ears, ſhe was afraid they would immediately be put to death.

Du Gaſt, on his return, confirmed this news; and told them that, ſince they had now an opportunity to make their eſcape, it ought not to be neglected.

In ſhort, the Swiſs, to whoſe care they had been committed, did not ſcruple to affirm they would conduct them wherever they pleaſed, and willingly hazard their lives for their preſervation.

But the Sieur de la Force, who had given his word, always replied, I have engaged myſelf by a ſolemn promiſe, which I will not violate, but reſign myſelf to the providence of God, who ſhall diſpoſe of us according to his good pleaſure.

Du Gaſt then preſſed him to permit the children, or at leaſt one of them, to ſave their lives; ſince the Swiſs had voluntarily offered to aſſiſt in conducting them to a place of ſafety: but, always continuing firm to his word, he declared he left the event to the will of God.

The ſame evening on which the promiſed ranſom was to have been paid, the Count de Coconas, with forty or fifty Swiſs and French ſoldiers, arrived at the houſe where they were.

were. They all went up into the chamber, and the Count told the Sieur de la Force, that Monſieur, the King's brother, having been informed they were detained priſoners, had ſent for them, deſiring to ſpeak with them; and, directly ſtripping them of their cloaks and bonnets, they ſoon perceived their death was intended. The Sieur de la Force loudly complained of this breach of their engagement; as the money he had promiſed, for his ranſom, was now ready.

It is to be remarked that the youngeſt of the children talked inceſſantly, reproaching them with their perfidy, and comforting his father.

Another remarkable circumſtance, which I have often heard him men-

tion, is that he plainly ſaw their deſign was to murder them all, but was always perſuaded his life would be preſerved.

The murderers, only finding four perſons, enquired what was become of the fifth. This was Du Gaſt, who, perceiving their barbarous intentions, had hid himſelf in a loft, at the top of the houſe; but they ſearched every place ſo carefully that they found him, and then, driving them out of the houſe, they led them to ſlaughter.

Being arrived at the bottom of the Rue de Petits-champs, near the rampart, they all cried out together, Kill! kill! The eldeſt of the children was firſt wounded, who, falling, exclaimed, O God! I am murdered!

The

The youngeſt, no doubt by the particular direction of Providence, did the ſame, though he had received no hurt, and fell down in the ſame manner as his brother.

The father and brother were repeatedly ſtruck, by their aſſaſſins, even after they were down, but the youngeſt received not the leaſt wound; and, though they were inſtantly ſtripped entirely naked, the ruffians did not perceive he had not ſo much as a ſcar.

As they imagined them quite dead, they left them; and the inhabitants of the neighbouring houſes coming, out of curioſity, to look on the dead bodies, a poor man, approaching young Caumont, could not forbear crying out, Alas! here

is a poor little boy! The young Caumont, hearing this, immediately lifted up his head, and ſaid, I am not dead; have pity on me, and ſave my life?

The good man directly put his hand on his head, to keep it down, ſaying, Silence, do not ſtir, for they are ſtill here; and, going from him, returned a ſhort time after, and ſaid to him, Come, child, riſe directly, for they are gone now.

He then threw over him an old cloak, for he was quite naked, and ſomebody aſking him who he had got there, It is my nephew, replied the man; he is drunk, but I ſhall whip him well when I get him home.

He conducted him to a ſmall chamber, at the top of an old houſe, where he

he brought him ſome ragged cloaths, belonging to the nephew he had mentioned.

This man was a marker at a tennis-court, in the Rue Verdelet, and very poor; who, perceiving rings on the fingers of young Caumont, aſked them of him, to go and procure ſome wine.

He kept him there all night, and, early in the morning, aſked him where he ſhould convey him. The young Caumont replied to the Louvre, where he had a ſiſter, who attended on the Queen. But his preſerver alledged, there would be too many guards to paſs, or he might poſſibly be known, in which caſe they would both be put to death.

The young man then propoſed to go to the Arſenal, where he had an aunt. The other anſwered, it

was at a great diſtance; yet, that he would as ſoon conduct him thither as any where, for they could go round along the Boulevards, where they would meet nobody. But, continued he, as I am very poor, you muſt ſolemnly promiſe to give me thirty crowns.

This agreement concluded, they both ſet out at break of day; young Caumont in the old cloaths of his benefactor's nephew, and wearing an old red bonnet, to which was faſtened a leaden croſs.

They preſently arrived at the Arſenal, and Caumont ſaid to his conductor, Stay here, I will ſoon ſend you back your cloaths, and the thirty crowns I promiſed you.

The poor youth remained ſome time at the gate, not daring to knock,

knock, for fear they ſhould enquire who he was. But, ſomebody happening to go out, he got in without being perceived. He croſſed the firſt court-yard, and paſſed on to the apartment of his aunt, without meeting any one who knew him. At laſt he ſaw the Page who had been mentioned before, and had been ſaved by a Swiſs, who had taken him home, ſaying, Make your eſcape, for theſe (meaning the relations of young Caumont) will all be murdered.

He enquired of this Page, who had fled to the Arſenal the ſame night, but who, at firſt, did not know his young maſter in this his diſguiſe, what was become of M. de Beaulieu, gentleman to his father: on which the Page took him to M. de Beaulieu. This

perſon was extremely aſtoniſhed at ſeeing young Caumont, not doubting but they had all been murdered, as the Page had aſſured him he had himſelf ſeen them. He requeſted the Marechal of Madame de Briſembourg, who was then with him, to conduct the child to that lady, who kept her bed, afflicted and ill at beholding the calamities of her country.

As ſoon as they were introduced to her, ſhe embraced him, with much emotion, and many tears, having entertained no doubt but they had all been maſſacred; and, returning God thanks that ſhe ſaw him again, enquired by what miracle he had been preſerved.

After ſome diſcourſe, ſhe cauſed him to be conducted to her wardrobe,

robe, and put to bed; but, before he left her apartment, he entreated her inſtantly to pay the thirty crowns, to the poor man who had ſaved his life, and taken him home with him; and, alſo, to return him the cloaths he had worn.

About two hours after, he was dreſſed in the habit of one of the Pages of Marechal Biron, who was then grand maſter of the artillery; and, the better to keep him concealed, he was directed to retire to the cloſet of that Marechal, where the Page, before mentioned, kept him company, to divert his melancholy.

He remained there two days, when the Marechal was informed the King had been told that ſeveral Huguenots had taken refuge in the

Arſenal, and that his Majeſty had reſolved to have it ſtrictly ſearched.

Alarmed at this, he was taken from the cloſet, and ſecreted in the lady's chamber; where he was put between two beds, and covered with *vertugadins*, which were then worn. In this ſituation he remained three or four hours.

About an hour after midnight he was brought back to the ſame cloſet; but Madame de Briſembourg, his aunt, was very anxious on his account, and could not reſt till he was removed, becauſe a report had been ſpread that he was ſtill alive, and had taken refuge there.

The next morning, therefore, the Sieur de Bon, Lieutenant General of the artillery, took him from the cloſet,

cloſet, dreſſed like a Page, in the livery of Marechal Biron, and, after they had breakfaſted, in a private place, ſaid to him, Follow me.

Leaving the Arſenal, he took him to M. Guillon, Comptroller of the Artillery, who was his intimate friend, and inſtructed Caumont, if enquiry ſhould be made concerning him, to ſay his name was Beaupuy, and that his father was a Lieutenant in Monſieur Biron's company; expreſsly charging him not to leave the houſe, or do any thing to make himſelf known.

When they came to the houſe of the Comptroller, he ſaid to him, You are my friend, let me beg of you to oblige me ſo far as to permit this young lad to remain with you. He is my relation, the ſon of

M. de Beaupuy, who commands the Marechal's company of the Gens d'armes. I have brought him to Paris to get him a Page's place, but ſhall wait till theſe troubles are over.

This was readily granted, by Guillon; but, though the Sieur de Born had a great friendſhip for him, he would not inform him who the boy was. Guillon, however, ſuſpected he had not told him the whole truth.

He continued there ſeven or eight days. The Comptroller, who went every day to the Arſenal, to receive his orders, never failed, before dinner, to viſit the Sieur de Born.

It happened that, about the time when Guillon uſually returned home

to

to dinner, young Caumont, hearing ſomebody knock at the door, and ſuppoſing it to be M. Guillon, ran to open it, but, ſeeing another perſon, haſtily ſhut it again; on which the ſtranger ſaid, Do not be frightened, child: I was ſent, by Madame de Briſembourg, who wiſhes to know how you do; and immediately went away.

The Comptroller, preſently after, coming home to dinner, aſked, as he uſually did, if any one had been there. On which young Caumont told him what had paſſed. This much alarming M. Guillon, he inſtantly left his dinner, and mounted his horſe to go to M. de Born, who alſo as inſtantly repaired to Madame de Briſembourg, to make enquiries. That lady, no leſs ſurprized, and more

more terrified, had ſent nobody to M. Guillon's.

Some days before, a paſſport had been obtained of the King for M. de Biron's Maitre d'Hotel, and one of his Pages, whom he was to ſend to carry his orders to his company of Gens d'armes. When M. Guillon, therefore, returned home, he immediately provided De Caumont with boots, and a horſe, on which he told him to mount and follow him.

He, however, met with an accident which alarmed him not a little; for, a proceſſion paſſing near him, the hired horſe, on which he rode, being ſomething unruly, he was very much afraid of a diſcovery. What had already happened had rendered

rendered him ſo ſuſpicious that he imagined himſelf known by every one he ſaw.

But God permitted him to arrive in ſafety at the gate of the city; when the Sieur de Born, who accompanied him, told the officer on duty, Captain, here is the Maitre d'Hotel of Marechal Biron, who is going to carry orders to his company of Gens d'armes, and I ſend this Page, who is my relation, with him; for which here is the paſſport of the King.

It is very ſufficient, replied the Captain, they may paſs.

As ſoon as they had paſſed the gate, M. de Born ſaid, to young Caumont, I now reſign you to the care of the Sieur de Fraiſſe, who has

proper

proper orders to conduct you; and took his leave.

Young Caumont then aſked the Sieur de Fraiſſe, whither they were going. Into the country, replied the other, if God permit. Ah! returned young Caumont, I humbly pray he may.

After travelling two days, they put up at an inn, where a perſon of rank had juſt arrived who was inceſſantly remarking that the wicked Huguenots had at length met with their deſerts, and praiſing the admirable reſolution of the King.

The next day this perſon and they continued their journey together; and, when their companion came to the place where he was to lodge, he

put

put on his night-gown, which young Caumont immediately knew to have been his brother's.

This ſtranger likewiſe, continually expreſſed his regret at not having been able to diſcover the Sieur de Caumont; for while he was attempting, he ſaid, to enter the front door he had eſcaped by another. But as for the Sieur de la Force, his brother, he had been diſpatched, and ſo had his children; and ſeveral times repeated that, if he could have found the Sieur de Caumont, he would have treated him as he had the reſt. At length, de Fraiſſe and Caumont, puſhing on with great haſte, got before him; and thus freed themſelves from company which could not be very agreeable.

Two

Two days after they met with another dangerous adventure.

As nothing was talked of, at that time, but the univerſal maſſacre, which had juſt taken place throughout France, the Sieur de Fraiſſe, diſputing, on that ſubject, with three or four perſons, in an inn where they were, ſo far forgot himſelf as to ſay, it was a wicked action, at once perfidious and cruel; to which aſſertion his opponents replied with much aſperity. He inſtantly perceived his imprudence, ſince they might thence be led to ſuſpect they were Huguenots, who had eſcaped from the maſſacre of Paris.

The next morning, therefore, they purpoſely ſet out very early, but found theſe perſons prepared for them,

them, at the ſkirts of the town, all mounted on good horſes, and armed with piſtols. They appeared to be refreſhing themſelves at the door of a public houſe; but they had not gotten to the diſtance of a quarter of a league before they perceived them coming after them, at which they were much alarmed, and not without reaſon, as they could not doubt but they followed them with a miſchievous intention.

But God ſo ordained it that they juſt then had arrived at a valley, which hid them from the ſight of their enemies. They therefore began to gallop, as faſt as poſſible, to eſcape their wicked deſigns, and arrived at a great town before they could come up with them.

There they ſtopped, as if they intended to take refreſhment; upon which their purſuers did the ſame, and accoſted them. But the Sieur de Fraiſſe, who was now certified of their miſchievous deſigns, determined to make them change their opinion, reſpecting their being Huguenots, and began to inform them, he carried orders, from the Marechal Biron, to bring up his company of Gens d'armes, and was going expreſs, *furniſhed with a paſſport from the King*, his Majeſty having determined to aſſemble a large army, and complete the deſtruction of thoſe Huguenots who ſtill remained in his kingdoms.

Having finiſhed this converſation they continued their route, and perceived their followers, who had certainly

tainly had no good intentions in puſuing them, now returned back the way they came,

They then proceeded on their journey, and, the eighth day after their departure from Paris, arrived at the caſtle of Caſtelnau-des-Mirandes, whither the Sieur de Caumont, the youth's uncle, had retired, who received his nephew, whom he had ſuppoſed dead, with incredible ſatisfaction and delight.

In ſhort, though he had an only ſon, he ſhewed the moſt tender regard for his nephew, and openly avowed he had more hope in him than in his proper ſon. He frequently made him relate the manner in which his father and brother had been murdered, and himſelf preſerved;

ed; admiring that divine Providence by which he had been ſo wonderfully delivered from ſo imminent a danger. He took great care of his conduct and the adminiſtration of his effects, when he took upon him his guardianſhip. It ought not to be forgotten that he would frequently take him into his cloſet to ſtrengthen him in the fear of God by his good inſtructions, and exhort him to be continually thankful for his ſingular and wonderful preſervation, and in all his actions never to ſwerve from the path of virtue.

But he did not long enjoy theſe ſalutary inſtructions; for, fourteen or fifteen months after, his uncle died, ſo that young Caumont was, at a very early age, deprived of father, mother, and uncle.

This

This ſame De Caumont, who thus eſcaped the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, was the celebrated Marechal de la Force, who afterwards acquired ſo great reputation, and lived to the age of eighty-four.

He has left memoirs, which never were printed, and which are, probably, ſtill preſerved, in the archives of the houſe of De la Force.

THE

STORY OF SARAH PHILLIPS,

A NOVEL.

BY M. DE SAINT LAMBERT.

IT is now five years ſince I finiſhed my travels; and, after having ſtudied mankind, in the different cities and courts of Europe, and in thoſe conditions of life which are uſually moſt the object of envy, returned, fully perſuaded that neither the countries I had ſeen nor that in which I was born were the lands of happineſs and reaſon.

My relations perſuaded me to marry, and my father endeavored to find me a wife, who ſhould efface from

from my memory a couſin I had loved in my youth, and from whom I had been ſeparated by death.

In the mean time, he wiſhed me to go and examine the eſtate he intended to put me in poſſeſſion of, immediately after my marriage.

This eſtate was ſituated in the north of Scotland, not far from Aberdeen. I ſet out, on my journey, in the moſt pleaſant ſeaſon of the year; and, after a few days eaſy travelling, arrived, about ſun ſet, at Hamſtead, the name of a village within a few miles of the place to which I was going. As I was both fatigued and hungry, I determined, if poſſible, to paſs the night at a farm houſe that ſeemed to invite me ſo to do by a certain air of con-

venience, neatneſs, and rural abundance.

This farm houſe was ſituated on the declivity of a hill, which protected it from the eaſt wind, ſo ſevere in thoſe countries, and about three or four hundred yards from a brook, which ran winding along a beautiful valley. It was ſurrounded by lovely meadows, cider orchards, and corn fields. At a little diſtance from it was a copſe; and horſes, oxen, and ſheep were feeding on the ſides of a neighboring hill. Four lovely children played about the farm yard, which was well ſtocked with poultry of every kind.

At the door of the houſe was a handſome woman, apparently about twenty-five, or thirty. Her complexion was fine, though ſomewhat tanned,

tanned, and her lovely black eyes ſparkled with intelligence. An infant of five or ſix months old was at her breaſt. I thought the features of this agreeable woman were not unknown to me. I begged her to inform me to whom that farm belonged, and whether it would be convenient for me and my ſervants to paſs the night in the houſe; adding that I ſhould not ſcruple to pay whatever might be required for the trouble I ſhould give.

She anſwered, the farm belonged to her huſband, and that they never lodged any perſon for money, but entertained every ſtranger with whatever their houſe afforded, without reward. She then invited me to alight, and conducted me herſelf into the houſe. The parlor, in which ſhe deſired me to ſit down

was not inelegant: the furniture was neat and convenient, and the window looked towards the valley, through which the rivulet ran in delightful meanders.

Mrs. Phillips, for that was the name of my kind landlady, preſently informed me my ſupper would be ſoon ready; and that, in the mean time, I might either repoſe myſelf in that room, or, as the air was refreſhing, in the garden, on a graſs plat, under the trees, which grew by the ſide of a ſmall tranſparent pond. The evening was delightful, and the day had been very hot; I choſe, therefore, to go into the garden.

You are in the right, ſaid my hoſteſs, cooling breezes after exceſſive heat, and reſt after fatigue, produce

produce two of the greateſt pleaſures we can experience. If, however, you ſhould chuſe to read, while ſupper is preparing, you may find ſeveral books in the cloſet near you.

I could not refuſe to gratify my curioſity by examining the library of a country farmer. I expected to find in it nothing but ballads, or books of devotion. Imagine my ſurprize when I took up the works of Tully; near which lay ſome of the beſt treatiſes on agriculture. My aſtoniſhment was increaſed to find the next I opened to be *Memoirs de l'Academie de Rennes*; an excellent work, but written in a language very unlikely to be known by theſe good people. However, I could no longer doubt but they underſtood French, when I ſaw, on a ſhelf, *Eſſaies de*

Montagne; *Le Droit Naturel*; and the poem intituled, *La Loi Naturelle.* I likewiſe found a French tranſlation of the Prædium Ruſticum; a poem by the Jeſuit Vanieres.

The reſt of the library was in the Engliſh language. Among other books were Shafteſbury's Characteriſtics, and the Moral Philoſophy of Hutchinſon.

How! ſaid I; do theſe country people read ſuch books! Are the beſt Engliſh and French writers to be met with at a farm-houſe near Hamſtead! It is certainly more probable they belong to ſome gentleman in the neighborhood; who, charmed with the ſituation of the farmer's habitation, paſſes the ſummer here.

I after-

I afterwards finiſhed my examination of the library, and found ſome books of mathematics, ſeveral treatiſes of practical phyſic, the novels of Richardſon, a tranſlation of the Idyls of Theocritus, Dryden's Virgil, and tranſlations from Geſner and Haller. There were alſo the paſtorals of Phillips, Cowley's Pleaſures of a Country Life, Spencer's Fairy Queen, Dryden's Miſcellanies and Thompſon's Seaſons. I took the French poem, intitled, *La Loi Naturelle*, with me to the graſs plat, and ſat down to read.

I had not been here long before I heard a noiſe near the houſe. The children, who had followed me into the garden, and examined me with great curioſity, ran to the door, the farmer's wife haſtened thither alſo,

I perceived an empty cart had entered the yard, and, with it, the farmer himſelf, who had returned from Aberdeen, where he had been detained ſeveral days on particular buſineſs.

I eaſily knew him to be the maſter of the houſe from the manner in which he was received. His wife kiſſed him affectionately; and, taking two of the children in her arms, lifted them up to kiſs their father, and afterwards led two others by the hand, who waited to kiſs him in their turn. After theſe careſſes, they all came into the garden, and I roſe to pay my reſpects.

The farmer appeared to be about thirty, extremely well made, and had a manly and agreeable countenance.

nance. He thanked me for doing him the honor to paſs the night in his houſe. They ſoon after left me, and I ſaw them go into a chamber, the window of which looked into the garden, and was open. They approached a cradle, in which their fifth child lay aſleep; and, ſtooping down towards the infant, looked on each other with a ſmile. I muſt confeſs I felt no little emotion, myſelf, at the ſight of conjugal and paternal tenderneſs ſo affecting.

Supper being ready, notice was ſent me. I was aſked permiſſion to ſuffer their ſervants, and likewiſe my own, to eat with us; I conſented. The table was preſently covered with puddings, vegetables, and a fine piece of beef. Among the ſeats pro-

vided was an arm chair, intended for an old man, who was preſented to me, and was the farmer's father. He addreſſed me with much civility, and we ſeated ourſelves at the table.

I was placed near the farmer's wife, and obſerved ſhe directed one of her maid ſervants to take her ſeat cloſe to a young countryman. I aſked if they were a new married couple. They are not married, replied ſhe, but they love each other. They have not ſeen one another the whole day, and they will find a pleaſure in ſitting together. To another of her ſervants ſhe ſent a plate of ſomething of which he was particularly fond, and which was intended for him alone. Thoſe whoſe work had been moſt laborious during the day were treated with cider.

When

When any diſh was brought, ſhe aſſigned the reaſon why it had been provided, why ſhe had preferred it to ſuch another, and why ſhe had dreſſed it in that way, or with that particular ſeaſoning. Whatever ſhe had done was to heighten the pleaſure of the entertainment.

The farmer ſhewed the ſame affability and deſire to make his dependants happy. The repaſt was frugal, yet excellent; and the gueſts ſober, though they indulged their appetites; all ſeemed to be equal in the family; the domeſtics were not conſidered as inferior to the maſter: and this familiarity no ways diminiſhed their reſpect, though it greatly increaſed their zeal and attachment.

When

When ſupper was over, we entered into converſation; the farmer aſked me ſeveral queſtions concerning the places I had paſſed through. He greatly extolled the pleaſantneſs of the country round his farm, and preſſed me to ſtay the next day, that he might ſhew me its beauties. He and his wife paid me the greateſt attention without entirely forgetting their ſervants. Some they praiſed for their mirth, during their labor; others for their conduct in ſome particular buſineſs, in which they had been employed. They ſpoke to them concerning the fineneſs of the weather, the ſong of the nightingale, the forwardneſs of the harveſt, or their own little rural amours. The domeſtics likewiſe converſed with each other, with the ſame good-nature and ſenſibility.

Above all, they were attentive to the grandfather. Never did I ſee an old man ſo affable and ſo ſprightly. I could not help obſerving it to Mrs. Phillips. It is, ſaid ſhe, the neglect which old people commonly meet with, which makes them ſo peeviſh. When they perceive themſelves beloved, and well treated, they are as chearful, mild, and as eaſy to pleaſe as others.

I perceived ſhe preſſed the old man to drink, and expreſſed my ſurprize. I am of opinion, ſaid ſhe, that, though we ought to do our utmoſt to retard old age, yet, when it arrives, it is our duty aſſiduouſly to retrace the memory of paſt enjoyments.

Theſe anſwers aſtoniſhed me. I no longer doubted but the library

was for the uſe of my landlord and his wife. I therefore ſpoke to them concerning their books. They replied continually with ſo much propriety that I could not help manifeſting my amazement at their intelligent diſcourſe; and, eſpecially, at that of Mrs. Phillips.

How ſtrange, ſaid I, to find ſuch good ſenſe, and ſo cultivated an underſtanding, in a young woman, and in the country too!

Oh! cried the old man, who began gently to feel the vivifying liquor, you are not acquainted with half the merit of my daughter-in-law! If you knew what ſhe has quitted for our ſakes! Oh! were my aged limbs obedient to my will, I ſhould fall down and almoſt adore her.

Mrs.

Mrs. Phillips appeared fearful of the indiſcretion of her father-in-law, ſhe bluſhed, and her huſband begged the old man not to reveal what he had ſworn to keep.

I ſhall ſay nothing, ſaid his father, taking another glaſs, I ſhall ſay nothing. But for one ſo handſome, ſo rich, and poſſeſſing ſuch an underſtanding! for her to leave all for us! and ſo far to forget her coach as to be contented to ride in a cart! —Mrs. Phillips now roſe, and, taking away the plates, ſet on ſome fruits and ſome cheeſe. The old man became ſilent; either becauſe his attention was engaged by what was ſet before him, or through fear of diſpleaſing his daughter-in-law.

After

After ſupper ſome ſervant maids placed beaupots of flowers, of various kinds on the table. I did not bring theſe flowers, ſaid Mrs. Phillips, with the firſt courſe, becauſe, then, the ſcent of the proviſions is agreeable; but, when the appetite is ſatisfied, that flavour is no longer deſirable, and the perfume of flowers becomes doubly pleaſing.

I could not but admire the delicacy which this excellent woman ſhewed, in rendering agreeable ſenſations ſtill more agreeable. How many pleaſures was ſhe able to furniſh, without any other reſource than the bounty, the variety, the ſimplicity of Nature!

This amiable pair ſeemed to live entirely for each other, and to enjoy hap-

happineſs uninterrupted. No union could be more delightful, for rarely are thoſe united who poſſeſs the ſame degree of ſenſibility, the ſame inclinations, and the ſame opinions.

A ſhort time after ſupper I was ſhewn to my apartment. The farmer remarked to me the beauty of the night, and the ſilence with which Nature ſeemed to invite repoſe. He afterwards viſited his ſtables, and gave ſome neceſſary orders, while his wife attended on the children, after which this happy pair retired to reſt. I could ſcarcely compoſe myſelf to ſleep; every thing I had witneſſed appeared to me a dream; but ſuch a dream as I could have wiſhed might have laſted my whole life.

I awaked,

I awaked, early in the morning, but found myſelf in no haſte to depart. I was enchanted with this amiable family. Their houſe, their manner of life, the unanimity of the domeſtics, the tranquillity and gaiety which appeared in every face were charms too irreſiſtible to be left without regret; for, however little we may be accuſtomed to the practice of virtue, the ſight of the happineſs which reſults from it will always prove one of our higheſt pleaſures. I roſe, therefore, much diſſatisfied that I was ſo quickly to leave this delightful farm-houſe.

As ſoon as I was dreſſed I went down into the yard, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. The ſun had juſt riſen, and the heavens ſtill retained a ſlight tincture of that yellow

yellow which ſucceeds the pale twilight and precedes the deep azure they aſſume in the glow of day. The pleaſing odour from the trees and plants, and the breezes which frequently blow after the riſing of the ſun, were delightful and refreſhing. All nature was again in motion. The men and horſes went forth to their labour, the herds left their ſtalls, and the fowls diſperſed themſelves about the yard. I will confeſs, I then, for the firſt time, perceived how lovely the break of day may appear; and I am perſuaded the amiable maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe, notwithſtanding the occupations in which they were engaged, were not inſenſible to the ſame pleaſure. I remarked that, in the work they appointed their domeſtics, they always ſeemed deſirous to ſtation ſeveral

veral of them together: they even directed the ſhepherds to drive their flocks to thoſe places near which other of their ſervants were at work. This ſeemed to me ſomething ſingular, and I mentioned it to Mrs. Phillips. When a number of men, ſaid ſhe, labour together, a thouſand things happen to inſpire mirth; the chearfulneſs of one will communicate itſelf to them all. If one ſhepherd plays on the flute another ſings. Thoſe who drive their ploughs in contiguous fields converſe with each other on their mutual expectations, and are united by the equality of their condition. Have you, in ſhort, never remarked that, in thoſe kinds of rural labors which are performed by a number of men together, ſuch as hay-making, ſheep-ſhearing, or reaping, you are ſure

to

to hear the voice of innocent merriment, notwithſtanding the heat of the ſun and the thirſt and ſweat produced by exceſſive fatigue?

Mr. Phillips now joined the converſation. I believe, Sir, ſaid he, that there are certain pleaſures which, to be taſted in perfection, muſt be enjoyed in the company of others who partake the ſame. In the theatre, the more it is crowded the more lively and agreeable are the emotions we experience. This remark is equally true of all pleaſures which have their ſource in admiration; and what can better produce that than the beauties of the face of nature? I believe, continued he, that thoſe bleſſings which heaven beſtows, on all in common, increaſe in value when enjoyed by many at the

the ſame time. We love to partake with others in the pleaſures of a fine day, or a beautiful proſpect, becauſe our own enjoyment of them is not diminiſhed by the delight they afford to thoſe around us.

Yes, ſaid Mrs. Phillips, and it is to be remarked that every pleaſure, which loſes nothing by participation, will by participation be increaſed. The poets have too much extolled the charms of ſolitude when celebrating the pleaſures of a country life. According to them it ſhould ſeem as if rural delights could never be properly enjoyed, except at a diſtance from mankind: but, certainly, they can only mean thoſe inhabitants of courts and cities whoſe unfeeling and frivolous minds are inſenſible to the charms of nature. Indeed, an evident

evident proof that theſe very Poets ſaw the neceſſity of communicating this kind of pleaſure, to render our enjoyment of it compleat, is to be gathered from their animated deſcription of the beauties they admired, and their endeavor to tranſmit the impreſſions received from them to lateſt poſterity.

This delightful converſation was interrupted by the haymakers who were going out to work; they were accompanied by the eldeſt boy, who carried a rake, of which he was as proud as ever was Monarch of a ſceptre of royalty. Such, ſaid his mother, is the pleaſure of beginning to be uſeful, and performing the noviciate of agriculture.

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Every thing I ſee and hear, ſaid I, inſpires me with the moſt profound reſpect, and moſt forcibly excites my admiration. With you I could wiſh to paſs the reſt of my life, which I would ſpend in endeavors to merit your friendſhip. I ſhall doubly value the little poſſeſſions I have in this country, on account of their vicinity to you; and I ſhall frequently make viſits to enjoy the pleaſure of your converſation, and be a witneſs to thoſe virtues which are here united with all the real enjoyments of life. Perhaps, hereafter, I may be permitted to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance, perhaps, you may even truſt me with that ſecret which your father-in-law ſeemed ſo deſirous to reveal. I could eaſily perceive from the warmth of what he did ſay, that,

if

if I knew more of you, and the circumſtances attending your choice of this mode of life, I ſhould only find ſtill greater reaſons to admire and eſteem you.

I cannot but believe, anſwered Mrs. Phillips, from the manner in which you have ſpoken of us and our way of living, that you are ſuperior to the prejudices of narrow minds, and deſerving of my confidence.

I thanked her with ſo much warmth that ſhe appeared rather embarraſſed, and turning to her huſband, my dear, ſaid ſhe, I am going to relate the hiſtory of the affection we entertain for each other. Her huſband tenderly kiſſed her, and left us to follow the haymakers. He deſired his wife not

to ſuffer me to go till his return, and appeared to leave her with regret though only for a few moments.

Mrs. Phillips, having requeſted me to amuſe myſelf, in the garden, for a minute or two, till ſhe had given ſome neceſſary orders in the houſe, preſently returned; and, ſeating herſelf by me on the graſs plat, thus began her hiſtory.

I was born in one of the ſouthern counties of England, of a wealthy family, and ſtill more illuſtrious for its titles and ſervices. I ſhall conceal the place of my birth and the name of my family. I am imagined to be dead, and do not wiſh my relations ſhould diſcover I am alive. I was ſix years old when I loſt

loſt my mother. My father, who was fond of literature, and had a great affection for me, would not marry again, and undertook, himſelf, the care of my education. He was deſirous to impart to me ſome of that knowledge he ſo largely poſſeſſed himſelf, and appeared ſatisfied with the progreſs I made under his inſpection.

My father was, perhaps, ſuperior to many who have been in high reputation for their literary abilities, and poſſeſſed ſuch firmneſs of mind that he was not to be induced to quit any ſyſtem or reſolution he had adopted, after mature reflection, through a dread of its conſequences. This character I inherit from him, and it has not been enfeebled by his

leſſons. My father was capable of feeling all the beauties of art and nature; he had a lively imagination and an exalted ſoul. He was not a cultivator of that dry philoſophy which degrades and chills our nature. He required one more favorable to the enthuſiaſm he felt for virtue, and the pleaſures of the imagination.

Before I was eighteen my father perceived I inherited his delight in learning. He amuſed himſelf with my converſation, and his happineſs all centered in me. He did not think of marrying me, and I was too well contented with my condition to wiſh a change.

While Mrs. Phillips ſpoke thus, I was much moved, and imagined I recol-

I recollected her, but an uncertainty ſtill remained which I was impatient for her to remove.

We always paſſed, continued ſhe, ſome part of the winter in town. It happened, on our arrival there, at the cloſe of one of our ſummer excurſions, that a young Scotchman offered himſelf to my father, as a ſervant. His perſon was extremely agreeable, and his countenance ſtrongly expreſſive of ſenſibility and underſtanding.

The lower claſs of people receive, as you well know, a better education in Scotland, than in any other part of Europe; and this young man had had one of the beſt his country could beſtow. He at firſt only diſtinguiſhed himſelf from

the other domeſtics by his extreme attention to his duty; we ſoon perceived he was beloved by all his fellow-ſervants, and that they partook of his zeal, my father found himſelf better ſerved, and every one ſeemed more chearful and more happy.

This young man was never without a book in his hand, in thoſe moments of leiſure which his buſineſs allowed. My father ſaw he poſſeſſed an excellent underſtanding, and was deſirous to aſſiſt him in its improvement. My Lord Dorſet, ſaid he, took Prior from a tavern, and he was afterwards deſervedly eſteemed one of our beſt Engliſh poets. I may perhaps render this man an honor to his country. We ſoon after left London, and took with us our new favorite, with

with whom my father had frequent converſations.

In one of theſe he learned that this youth had engaged himſelf as a ſervant in order to maintain his aged parents, with his wages. This virtuous conduct ſo affected my father that he manifeſted the greateſt emotion when he mentioned it to me; he propoſed preſenting him, immediately, with a conſiderable ſum of money to remit to his parents; but how great was his ſurprize when this ſervant refuſed to accept his intended preſent!

Sir, ſaid the young man, I owe my labor to my parents, and the reward I receive for it is ſufficient for us all; if they were in diſtreſs I would accept your generous offer, but they want no more than what

it is in my power to procure; my ſalary belongs to them equally with myſelf; let them enjoy it, but neither they nor I will degrade ourſelves by receiving alms.

My father did not endeavor to perſuade this young man to change his manner of thinking; but he made him lay aſide his livery, and gave him the care of his library. He alſo appointed him to receive his rents, and by theſe two employments, Phillips (that as you will perhaps ſuppoſe was the name of this youth) was enabled to receive, without humiliation, the favor which my father was deſirous to beſtow.

The library was an apartment more frequented by me than any other; in it I often met Mr. Phillips, and muſt confeſs I ſoon felt myſelf diſſatisfied

diſſatisfied when he was not there; while he, whenever he ſaw me enter, was ſure to betray a very viſible emotion, which contributed much to inſpire me with thoſe ſentiments at preſent ſo dear to my heart; and to which I owe all the happineſs of my life.

I perceived, directly, all the conſequences of my paſſion; but rather exerciſed my underſtanding to encourage it than to overcome. I feared and reſpected the opinion of the world; but, ſurely ſaid I, the world cannot render me aſhamed of my thoughts, I may therefore indulge myſelf in thoſe; yet did I not diſcover my ſentiments to the object of my paſſion; who, in like manner, concealed his affection from me. My pride was not inferior to my ſenſibility, and ſuch a character

though it may not be able to reſiſt love will at leaſt overcome its weakneſs. Mr. Phillips, on the contrary, was entirely engroſſed by his paſſion, and the exceſs of ſuch a paſſion produces no leſs reſpect than an inequality of rank.

I paſſed two years in the delightful pleaſure of loving, and knowing I was beloved in return, I was truly happy, but I loſt my father and I know not whether I ſhould have ſurvived him had not my heart been filled with affection for another, which alone can conſole us for the loſs of every thing elſe.

Here Mrs. Phillips burſt into tears, and ceaſed ſpeaking for ſome time. Yes, ſaid I to myſelf, it certainly muſt be her, nor is it poſſible longer to entertain a doubt. I was ready

ready to diſcover myſelf, but was reſtrained through fear I ſhould deprive her of confidence in me, and cauſe me to loſe a part of her hiſtory. She preſently continued, as follows.

I perceived the regret of Mr. Phillips was equal to my own, and that his ſorrow was increaſed by mine. My tears never flowed alone, and I ſaw in every action of his the cleareſt proof of the moſt tender regard: it was viſible in his aſſiduity, in all he did or ſaid, and even in the very tone of his voice. He manifeſted a love for me which demanded my heart, while nothing appeared which could alarm my virtue or ſeem unſuitable to the reſpect due to my rank.

You

You will eaſily imagine I made reflections on the decorums becoming my ſituation and on the ſubmiſſion every one owes to the laws and cuſtoms of his country.

The philoſophy of my father had taught me how many things, in high eſtimation with the world, are, in fact, only prejudices; but his philoſophy, however juſt and ſublime, had not enabled me to deſpiſe ſuch prejudices. My converſations with Mr. Phillips, turned on theſe ſubjects, truly important in themſelves, and rendered ſo very intereſting to us by our ſituation. Sometimes I even ventured to doubt of the juſtice of human conventions; and, by conſequence, of the power they had to bind exalted and enlightened minds.

Such

Such ſuggeſtions Mr. Phillips would combat with all his ſtrength, and he found a multitude of arguments which I was unable to anſwer. I thought however that, when he had gained the advantage in theſe diſputes, he always appeared more dejected than uſual; and I eaſily imagined the motive which had cauſed him to embrace an opinion ſo unfavorable to himſelf. I ſaw that my admired Phillips, entirely devoted to me, and regardleſs of himſelf, would willingly ſacrifice his deareſt expectations to my happineſs and my honor.

I was fond of talking to him concerning his father, the virtues of that good old man, and the ſerene happineſs which he enjoyed in his poverty. I queſtioned him on the place of his abode, its neighborhood,

hood, and his employment. Mr. Phillips appeared delighted with a country life and the care of a farm.

He frequently mentioned my family, and how much that family, ſo illuſtrious in all its branches, deſerved my regard and attachment. My relations, indeed, behaved towards me with the utmoſt kindneſs and reſpect, and ſhewed no ſurprize to find that, though I was now of age, I continued to reſide in the country and remained unmarried; my love for literature was well known, and it was imagined I was wholly taken up with ſtudy and the ſuperintendance of my eſtate.

My father had now been dead near a year, and I had not yet left the place in which he died. I have an uncle, a man of real merit, and emi-

eminent in the houſe of commons for his diſintereſtedneſs and his eloquence. One day, after having dined with me, he propoſed that I ſhould take a walk with him in the park.

He began to preface what he had to ſay by talking of the friendſhip which had always exiſted between my father and himſelf, and that affection which they both had entertained for me.

You know my ſon, continued he; he has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in every kind of learning, and, ſince he left England, all the accounts I have received of him confirm the good opinion I entertain of his abilities and diſpoſition; he is of the ſame age with yourſelf, and now on his return to his native country. If he

might

might have the happineſs to prove agreeable to you, your eſtate need not go out of the family, and I ſhould have the pleaſure of having you for a daughter inſtead of a niece.

This propoſal gave me the greateſt uneaſineſs. My color came and went, and I anſwered my uncle with a coldneſs that could not but offend him. I told him that I had no deſire to marry, that I was ſufficiently happy in my preſent condition, that if ever I choſe me a huſband, it would not be without a long previous acquaintance, and that there were many things to which I ſhould be more attentive in making that choice than either rank or fortune, but that whatever I did

I did I would never forget what I owed to my family.

My uncle deſired permiſſion to introduce his ſon, whom I had not ſeen from his infancy, who was far from diſagreeable, and who, as he ſaid, entertained a great regard for me. I replied to this new propoſal with a coldneſs which I could ſcarcely juſtify to myſelf, a multitude of very different thoughts ſucceeded each other in my mind.

When my uncle had taken his leave, I retired to a thick wood, where I walked about a conſiderable time in great agitation, ſometimes ſuddenly ſtopping when I found it difficult to invent means to remove certain obſtacles, or obviate certain objections. I at length ſat down, or rather fell, upon the graſs, where I remained,

I remained, in a profound revery, till the arrival of Mr. Phillips, who had been looking for me. I never before experienced ſo great a pleaſure at the ſight of him, nor ever felt ſo forcibly that I could not bear to part from him. I communicated to him my uncle's deſigns, and my ſincere regret to diſpleaſe my family, by refuſing to accept ſuch reaſonable propoſals.

I certainly dwelt too long on the ſubject, for I ſhall for ever reproach myſelf with the cruel pain to which I put my beloved Phillips. I ſaw him turn pale, his whole frame was ſeized with a trembling, he looked wild, and could ſcarcely articulate a ſyllable. It muſt be ſo—ſaid he—Yes it muſt be ſo—He is a worthy young

young man—Your relations—Your rank—It muſt—It muſt be ſo.

I ſaw he was ready to burſt into tears, as he looked ſteadfaſtly upon me; at length he dropped on his knees before me.

I could now conceal my emotions no longer, I ruſhed forward to ſupport the object of my affections, I threw my arms around him, crying out, my dear huſband! At this tender and vehement exclamation he returned no anſwer, but raiſing himſelf, by little and little, with his eyes bathed in tears, looked at me with inexpreſſible tenderneſs while I continued ſtill to repeat the words, My huſband! my huſband! As ſoon as he was able to ſpeak, he attempted to perſuade me from my reſolution; but I ſtopped him and in-

intreated him, in the name of our mutual love, at leaſt, to hear me. He ſeated himſelf near me; his heart was all love, but a thouſand contending ideas and principles ſtill marked his countenance with a thouſand fears. This moment, on which depended the happineſs of my life, is ſtill ſo preſent to my imagination that I have not forgotten the ſlighteſt circumſtance of what paſſed.

I am well aware, ſaid I, of all you can ſay, and am prepared to anſwer. My paſſion is not blind and unreaſonable. I know you well; I am perſuaded you are the man for whom nature deſigned me. It is on the amiable qualities I diſcover in you that the happineſs of marriage depends; the neceſſity of an equality of

of rank is only preſcribed by human conventions. You and I are well convinced that the truly wiſe reſpect theſe conventions ſince they maintain order in ſociety. The rank in which we are born ought not to be diſgraced by any alliance which the prejudices, it may be, of the reſt of the world would condemn. This is a fault which cannot fail to be puniſhed with contempt; a contempt which, though unjuſt, I ſhould be unable to bear.

But ought the law of nature to yield to the intereſts of ſociety? Perhaps it ought. Yet we have it in our power to obey the impulſe of our hearts, and at the ſame time ſhow reſpect to the prejudices of the world. The death of my parents has put me in poſſeſſion of two thouſand

ſand pounds per annum, and three thouſand in ready money; I will reſign my eſtate, only preſerving the latter ſum, to live with you.

Here Mr. Phillips attempted to interrupt me. He propoſed we ſhould live ſingle. No, ſaid I, that would be to offend againſt the law of nature which requires us to increaſe and multiply. But why ſhould we not marry? To preſerve my poſſeſſions? They cannot make me rich in my preſent rank; but, if I deſcend to your ſituation in life, even the fortune I mean to retain will be ſufficient. If I marry my couſin we ſhall be but moderately rich, for people of our condition; but I can render you very opulent for a farmer. I will preſently ſet out for London and have a report

port ſpread that I am dead. The law will diſpoſe of my eſtate to the family of my couſin, and we will return to Scotland, with what I have reſerved for myſelf, and obtain your father's permiſſion to marry.

Mr. Phillips kneeled at my feet, conjured me to defer the execution of ſuch a plan, and carefully to examine whether I ſhould not regret what I was about to throw away.

No, replied I, I have maturely weighed every conſequence. What can I regret? What pleaſures can riches give which nature will not ſupply in the way of life I have choſen? Will not the real landſcape delight as much as the imitations of it by the painter's art, or can ſilk and diamonds be neceſſary to happineſs? We ſhall enjoy every

convenience which nature can require, and ſuperfluity is only neceſſary for idleneſs.

As to the loſs of preſent connections, how can I regret them when I ſhall become the daughter of your father and the mother of your children.

Mr. Phillips loved and eſteemed me too much to doubt, any longer, that I ſhould be happy in this new condition of life, which I was ſo deſirous to embrace. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe either his joy and gratitude, or my own delight, when I had prevailed on him to accept my offer. Never did any one feel ſuch pleaſure in the ſudden acquiſition of a great fortune, as I did in renouncing mine.

After

After having taken the neceſſary meaſures, we ſet out for London, where I cauſed a report to be circulated that I was dead. It will not be neceſſary to relate all the artifices employed to render it probable and gain it credit.

At length we returned to Scotland. It is now ſeven years ſince I firſt entered this beloved retirement, and embraced, for the firſt time, that excellent old man whom you ſee ſitting on that ſtone, enjoying the early rays of the ſun, and endeavoring to recall ſome portion of his former vigor, by the reviving influences of the morning and the ſpring. Receive, ſaid I, your daughter, who comes to render your old age cheary, and devote herſelf to promote the happineſs of your ſon. You, my

huſband, ſhall inſtruct me in every part of my new occupation, and I have no doubt but you will find me a frugal manager, and that thoſe who depend on me, and thoſe on whom I have the pleaſure to depend, will be equally contented.

The old man was tranſported with joy, and this reverſe in his fortune may, perhaps, have prolonged his life. He now bought the farm which he had before only rented; our marriage was concluded, and, from the moment I aſſumed the name and condition of the man I love, no hour has paſſed in which I have not bleſſed my good fortune. We are happy, and may reaſonably flatter ourſelves that we ſhall continue ſo, for as long a term as Nature uſually permits.

Mr.

Mr. Phillips and myſelf endeavor only to employ our knowledge, and love for literature, to give new ſtrength to our enjoyments. We are attentive to procure every pleaſure which our ſituation affords, and to heighten its reliſh. One of the moſt uſual ſources of diſcontent, among mankind, is that they are continually endeavoring to obtain pleaſures not intended for them, for want of being able to conform their ideas and deſires to their condition and character. Into this error we have not fallen. We never loſe our time in vain reſearches, or uſeleſs wiſhes; nor do we ever forget to enjoy the happineſs within our reach. The teſtimony of a good conſcience, and our mutual affection, inſure our felicity. We cultivate that philoſophy which inſpires us

with the love of virtue; and, though we ſhould be miſtaken, we conſider thoſe illuſions which are capable of exalting and purifying the ſoul as a benefit to mankind. We reſolutely and wholly reject that ſpecies of philoſophy which degrades human nature, and extinguiſhes in the heart the enthuſiaſm of humanity and virtue; we wiſh to preſerve, in all their force and all their charms, the rapturous feelings of love and friendſhip.

There is, no doubt, always a ſpecies of illuſion in theſe ſenſations, if carried to exceſs; we do not believe ourſelves perfect, but we endeavor to become ſo. We heighten the enjoyment of the good we poſſeſs, by the hope of what is better. We are contented with the preſent

and

and tranſported with the proſpect of futurity. The better to preſerve this internal love for virtue, we frequently peruſe the novels of Richardſon. We, likewiſe, often read the poets; among whom we prefer thoſe who treat of the country, in which we live; and the beauties of Nature, which we love.

Rural poetry is particularly pleaſing, when we have the objects it deſcribes before our eyes. The enthuſiaſm of the poet always increaſes the enthuſiaſm of the ſpectator, and prevents its being extinguiſhed by too great a familiarity with the objects by which it is excited. Poetry inſpires us with reſpect and love for the ancient and venerable arts of agriculture, for our occupation, and the ſcenes amid which we reſide.

We frequently ſay to ourſelves, here would Homer and Virgil have been delighted. Here would Tibullus have ſung the beauties of his Delia, and celebrated the charms of that inſpiring wood, and this delicious valley. It was in the country that Haller and Geſner compoſed their exquiſite poems. Thoſe great men preferred our way of life to every other. Poets, and all writers, who deſcribe with warmth, and abound in feeling and imagery, give new force to the charms of ſenſibility; and, while we proſecute theſe ſtudies, our reaſon and our ſenſes combine to make us happy.

This appears to me to be making a proper uſe of philoſophy, which has degenerated into ſubtlety and affec-

affectation. It has too often rendered man ridiculous, inſtead of proving his conſolation, and directing him to the happineſs ſuitable to each ſtation of life. Such was the philoſophy of my father, and ſuch is ours. We educate our children in theſe principles; they enjoy the delights accordant to infancy and youth, and we participate their pleaſures.

I had frequently deſired to interrupt Mrs. Phillips to make myſelf known to her, but ſhe ſpoke with ſo much energy and rapidity I had no opportunity. No ſooner did ſhe pauſe than, yielding to the effuſions of the heart, and ſeizing one of her hands, I exclaimed, Oh, happy Miſs Thornton! and doubly happy Mrs. Phillips!

Immediately, as I pronounced her maiden name, ſhe haſtily roſe—Heavens! exclaimed ſhe, What can this mean? You ſee before you, anſwered I, that very relation who loved you from your infancy, and who has long mourned your loſs. Bluſh not that you have avowed ſo tender a paſſion for a virtuous huſband. You have left me your fortune, which I am ready to reſtore. Let me conjure you to accept it. But whatever reſolution you form be certain of inviolable ſecreſy.

I found no ſmall difficulty to appeaſe Mrs. Phillips, who could not forgive herſelf for having placed ſo much confidence in me; but ſhe would by no means conſent to receive back her eſtate, and her huſband, who came in a moment afterwards,

wards, being informed of all that had paſſed, coincided with her in opinion.

Survey, ſaid ſhe, our houſe and grounds, and ſay if any thing ſeems wanting which may conduce to our happineſs. Is not our furniture commodious and our table plentiful? If we poſſeſſed greater riches we ſhould no longer purſue our preſent occupations with the ſame delight; we ſhould find leſs pleaſure in our labors; amuſement would take place of uſeful employment, and what amuſed us one hour would diſguſt us the next. Should we ceaſe to cultivate our fields and tend our flocks, we ſhould no longer know the pleaſing expectation of plentiful harveſts and rich fleeces. We ſhould look on the country, then become

leſs valuable to us, with indifference. And who knows but a ſofter enthuſiaſm, which is the delight of our hearts, would be extinguiſhed together with that which Nature inſpires? Our ſentiments, perfectly ſuited to and connected with our condition, are the ſource of our happineſs. That happineſs may depend on an arrangement and combination of circumſtances, which the leaſt change might deſtroy.

All my endeavors to perſuade my virtuous relations to ſuffer me to reſtore them their poſſeſſions were without effect; but they promiſed me their friendſhip, and that I ſhould frequently hear from them, and might paſs every year ſome days with them at the farm. At length I took my leave, not without tears, of this amiable and intelligent pair.

I was

I was now convinced that reaſon and happineſs were yet to be found in the world. May I profit from this conviction to become rational and happy! However, the eſtate I poſſeſs, near that moſt pleaſant ſpot, has acquired a double value, in my eſteem, for its vicinity to this excellent family; I ſhall rebuild the houſe, and frequently reſide there. As to the poſſeſſions which are the right of Mrs. Phillips, I ſhall not apply them to my own uſe; the rents they produce ſhall be diſtributed among our poorer relations, and the eſtate one day return to the children of this happy and amiable pair.

TRAGICAL RELATION OF A COURTEZAN IN BRABANT, WHO HAD MURDERED HER HUSBAND.

From *Pieces Intéreſſantes*,

BY M. DE LA PLACE.

ABOUT ten years ago, M. de la Place, returning to buſineſs, after a month's abſence, had his carriage ſtopt between the hours of twelve and one, in the day, by a great concourſe of people; the officers of juſtice being then conducting a criminal to execution.

But

But how great was his ſurprize to ſee a woman, about eight and twenty, tall, well made, and of ſo fine a figure that even the remembrance of her crime could not prevent its intereſting every ſpectator in her favor, who, to complete the ſingularity of her appearance, was habited in a kind of Pantaloon, or Huſſar dreſs, of white ſattin *.

It will eaſily be imagined, he endeavored to procure information concerning the crime ſhe had committed, and the ſtrange dreſs in which ſhe was to ſuffer puniſhment.

* The French is, *couverte de la Tete aux Pieds d'un Pantalon de Satin blanc*; the reaſon for which dreſs will be ſeen in the ſequel.

I am

I am able to ſatisfy your curioſity in both theſe particulars, ſaid one of the officers of juſtice, for I was preſent at her trial in the firſt court, the ſentence of which was yeſterday confirmed by the ſovereign council of Brabant.

No ſooner was her arraignment read than ſhe addreſſed the Judge in a reſolute, though decent manner. To ſhorten the proceedings, ſaid ſhe, the tediouſneſs of which is to me worſe than death, condeſcend, my Lord, to hear my hiſtory; you will find me conceal nothing but my birth, which ſecret, however unimportant to you, no tortures ſhall force from me.

I was not more than ſixteen years of age when, after having been the victim of a ſeduction of which there

are but few ſimilar examples, I arrived in Paris, under a feigned name. In this ſituation the people into whoſe hands I fell, plunged me into ſcenes of guilt and miſery from whence I could never afterwards expect to emerge; as my inexperience and friendleſs ſtate ſeemed to preclude all hope.

After having paſſed through all the varieties of a life, no leſs wretched than culpable, the particulars of which are but too eaſily imagined, I was attacked by a malady rendered ſtill more formidable by want. A man of the lower rank of people, I mean one of the coachmen of the deceaſed PRINCE OF CONTI, and the only man whom I ever really loved, offered me aſſiſtance; and, by his means, I was reſtored

ſtored to the enjoyment of a life which I vowed to dedicate entirely to my preſerver.

To complete my good fortune, a lottery ticket, which produced me ten thouſand livres (four hundred guineas) enabled me to prove my gratitude towards my lover; and the paſſion we conceived for each other increaſed to ſo great a degree that we determined to renounce, for ever, our mutual irregularities, and unite ourſelves by an eternal and ſacred bond, which we ſolemnly ſwore ſo to venerate that, whoever ſhould firſt be proved to have violated it, the life of the violator ſhould be forfeited to the vengeance of the other.

I dare even affirm, my Lord, nor could the deceaſed himſelf deny it, that

that from that moment this duty became my pleaſure, though the return of my health procured me more than one temptation, which were rendered ſtill more artful and ardent by my inflexible refuſal.

We were both unſpeakably happy and enjoyed that kind of mediocrity which placed us above want; nor did any thing diminiſh our felicity, till the death of the prince, whom my huſband ſerved, ſuddenly deprived us of half our little revenue.

Soon after, however, Count ***, to whom my huſband had formerly been a ſervant, offered to procure him the place of ſecond coachman to his Royal Highneſs Prince Charles; we determined therefore to ſet out for Bruſſels, where I employed

ployed what money we ſtill poſſeſſed in a little way of buſineſs, while we waited the iſſue of the flattering promiſes of the Count.

But idleneſs (that dreadful ſource of every vice) and the want of amuſement, having allured my huſband into the petty public houſes of the ſuburbs, the report of an inconſtancy, of which he had been guilty, becoming known to me, reduced me to ſuch a condition that my life was doubtful.

His repentance, however, appeared ſo ſincere that, after having reminded him, with ſome vehemence, of our covenant, I ſuffered myſelf to be prevailed on to grant him a pardon; declaring, at the ſame time, if I found him falſe again

again nothing ſhould prevent my taking ample vengeance.

Alas! the faithleſs man again proved guilty, and I had again the virtue to forgive his inconſtancy.

Having learned, however, a ſhort time after, that he not only had repeated his treachery, but that, after having robbed me of what money or trinkets I had, he and my rival intended to ſet off for Paris by night, nothing could appeaſe my rage or prevail on me to defer my revenge.

I gratified it that ſame night, during his firſt ſleep, and employed his own ſword as my inſtrument.

I might eaſily have effected my eſcape; I had at leaſt four hours before

before me; and, as I had, with this view, ſent away my ſervant, I might have been at a great diſtance from Bruſſels before my crime could have been known.

But as ſoon as I ſaw my huſband's blood pouring from his wound, the blood of a man for whom, two months before, I would gladly have ſhed every drop of my own, ſeized with horror, I fainted, and only recovered my ſenſes to ſee him expire in my arms.

Laying hold, therefore, of the bloody inſtrument of my revenge, I reſolved to bury it in my own boſom; but, No, ſaid I, the puniſhment is too mild, the moſt lingering and cruel tortures are inſufficient to expiate my crime.

You

You know the reſt, my Lord, continued ſhe, addreſſing her Judge, without ſwerving from my reſolution which ſeemed in ſome meaſure to mitigate the dreadful torments of remorſe, I refuſed to quit the body till ſeparated from it by the officers of juſtice, whom I now only implore to haſten the puniſhment due to my moſt horrid offence.

I confeſs, Sir, continued the officer, that nothing ever affected me more forcibly than the confeſſion of this woman, and it intereſted me ſo much that, deſirous to ſee whether ſhe would manifeſt the ſame firmneſs in the preſence of the council of Brabant, when ſhe came, as the expreſſion is in that country, to demand her ſentence, I went thither, yeſterday morning, an hour, at leaſt, before

before ſhe was brought before her judges.

To the great aſtoniſhment of the aſſembly, ſhe ſtill preſerved the ſame reſolution, till ſhe heard herſelf condemned *to the wheel.* But then, with a piercing cry which penetrated our very ſouls, and with language at once expreſſive of indignation and ſurprize, The wheel! ſaid ſhe, the wheel! Do you forget, Gentlemen, I am a woman.

Such, ſaid they, is the puniſhment appointed by the law of the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, for thoſe convicted of the crime you have committed.

Barbarous man! Ah! had I known this! exclaimed ſhe, in a voice

voice almoſt ſtifled with paſſionate ſobbing.

But, recovering herſelf a moment after, I aſk pardon, Gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, there is no kind of torment or diſgrace which I do not well deſerve. —Permit me only, and I will undergo my ſentence with reſignation, permit me only to appear on the ſcaffold in ſuch a dreſs that my perſon may not be indecently expoſed to the ſpectators.

Her requeſt was granted, and ſhe returned thanks to her judges with much humility.

She was then taken back to priſon, where ſhe inſtantly ſent for a taylor, to make her the habit in which you have juſt ſeen her led to the ſcaffold.

An hour after M. de la Place ſaw her, ſhe ſuffered with the moſt heroic piety.

THE INHERITANCE.

A

MORAL AND DRAMATIC TALE.

BY M. BRET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LONG-JOHN.

MR. GOODWIN, an attorney.

ALBANY.

FOOTMAN.

ROSE.

MISS HARRIET FLOUNCE.

MAID.

THE INHERITANCE.

SCENE I.

An Apartment richly furniſhed.

LONG-JOHN *and* ROSE.

LONG-JOHN.

WELL, Roſe laſs, thof the ſudden death of my Leady o'the hall, who ga' thee aw thy hoigh breeding, and loved thee as thof thou had been her own proper bairn, and who a'ways ſaid hoo would leave thee a fortin, what thof her be dead without meaking her will, and thou beeſt never the better for her magnificent marciful

goodneſs, except in th' larning t'ou haſt gotten. Why, what o'that? Here be this inheritance, that I be come here for, will be enough to make thee a foine madam. Why laſs we ſhall be too rich, and I ha' bin racking my brain to think heow i' th' world o' God we ſhall do to ſpend it aw.

ROSE.

That I believe may eaſily be managed. But tell me, dear father, how could my aunt poſſibly leave all this wealth? Surely, ſhe muſt have found ſome hidden treaſure?

LONG-JOHN.

Maſs! Wench, that's the puzzle on't. An I thought there were ony witchcraft in't I'd no' touch a penny. But the lawyer wool be here anon; and, conſidering a'be a lawyer

lawyer, I do teak'n to be a good greadly koind o'parſon. Mean toime let's look about us a bit, laſs, and ſee whether aw this houſehold ſtuff be as fine as we thought it laſt noight by candle loit, for aw is na' gowd 'at gliſtens t'ou knows.

ROSE.

Oh, yes; the furniture is indeed very rich, and my aunt muſt have been a perſon of conſiderable conſequence.

LONG-JOHN.

Marry, bairn, poor Mary, thy mother, and I had no' hard a word about her for aboon fifteen good year: we thought her dead and gone, and here wur ſhe aw the while living like a foine Leady-madam! How dun they ſay ſhe wur called?

ROSE.

Leonora.

LONG-JOHN.

Leonora! Wauns! Roſe wench, I mought a' hard o' Madam Leonora fro' generation to generation, and never once a'dreamt it wur our Margery.

ROSE.

If ſhe married, ſhe might take that name in complaiſance to her huſband.

LONG-JOHN.

Neay, marry then, but where is this huſband; this Mr. Leonora?

ROSE. (*Smiling.*)

My aunt might have been a widow.

LONG-JOHN.

Maſs! true. What a mort o'wit t'ou haſt wench. Ecod, old fathers neow

neow a'days munna pretend to hold argufications wi' their bairns. But the lawyer wool be here anon, an'l tell us aw about it. A'ſays it'l tak' us a month to ſell off our geer. Wauns, wench, why a'mought ſell off our whole townſhip in leſs time! Ha, ha, ha! Ecod I ſhall ha'a mort o' your foine meaſters come cap in hond, and bowing and ſcreaping to beg thee for a woife, Roſe.

ROSE.

But, father, if the ſettling of theſe affairs will be ſo tedious, I hope you will turn away the ſervants my aunt has left. They ſeem very idle impertinent people, and not very good either I am afraid; eſpecially my aunt's woman.

LONG-JOHN.

I doubt there's a bad packet of 'em, truly!

ROSE.

She would not leave me laſt night, but ſaid a thouſand improper, as well as ridiculous, things; till, at laſt, I was abſolutely obliged to deſire ſhe would quit the room, and I took good care ſhe ſhould not come in again.

LONG-JOHN.

Maſs, wench, t'ou'rt roight again. They are a ſorry ſample, and we mun pay'em their wage, and ſummut to boot, and ſend 'em packing. We 'an honds, Roſe, laſs, and can ſerve ourſels, or 'twur pity elſe. For we munno let this gowd and geer mar us, or we wur better without it.

ROSE.

ROSE.

Very true, indeed, father; we ought to be very careful of that.

SCENE II.

LONG-JOHN, ROSE, FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Mr. Goodwin, Sir——

LONG-JOHN.

Houd a blow, friend; Sir me, no Sirs; aw the world knows moy neam's caw'd Long-John.

FOOTMAN.

Well, Long-John, then, Mr. Goodwin deſires to know if you are viſible.

LONG-JOHN.

If I be what?——I'th neam o'

Gads-gullion! can'ſt gawm what this ſprig o'white-thorn means, Roſe?

ROSE.

He aſks if you are viſible; that is, if you are to be ſeen.

LONG-JOHN.

Viſible! and to be ſeen! Wauns! Why it's day loit, a's not bloind, and I be big enough, I believe.

FOOTMAN.

But, Long-John, you do not underſtand——

LONG-JOHN.

Underſtond! Nooa, I bleſs my Meaker, I underſtond nooa ſich galimaufry gibberiſh!

FOOTMAN.

Well, Long-John, then I may tell the attorney to come in?

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Ey, prithee do, and tell thyſel to go out.

SCENE III.

LONG-JOHN, ROSE, GOODWIN.

LONG-JOHN.

Meaſter Goodwin, good deay.

MR. GOODWIN.

Good-morrow, Long-John. You ſee I remember your orders.

LONG-JOHN.

T'ou duſt roight mon. My neam's cawd Long-John, an my bairn's neam's caw'd Roſe; I be nooa miſter nur her be nooa miſs.

MR.

MR. GOODWIN.

Well, Roſe, how do you like the richneſs of this apartment.

ROSE.

One more ſimple would be more convenient, and give me much greater pleaſure.

MR. GOODWIN.

If ſo, you may diſpoſe of this to advantage.

ROSE.

I leave every thing to my father.

MR. GOODWIN.

You quite amaze me, Long-John; you have not yet aſked for an account of the ready money left you.

LONG-JOHN.

Maſs, Meaſter Goodwin, whoy neow

neow ſhould I aſk a'ter things I dunna want?

MR. GOODWIN.

In this bureau there are ten bags, each containing five hundred dollars.

LONG-JOHN.

Dollars!—Five hundred!—How much be aw that, Roſe.—Wauns! lets look at a hontle on 'em.

MR. GOODWIN,

(*Opens the bureau and takes out one of the bags.*)

Here is one. Isn't it a jolly rogue?

LONG-JOHN.

A rooague! Neay marry, I doubt its a whole junket o' rooagues.

MR. GOODWIN.

All tied up together—Hey, Long-John.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Ey, ey; marcy on us! ey.—An heow mony more ſen ye?

MR. GOODWIN.

Ten in the whole.

LONG-JOHN.

Ten! Whoo!—I have nought to do neow but roide about an buoy up aw England.

MR. GOODWIN.

As long as your money will laſt.

LONG-JOHN.

Laſt! What, tell'ſt t'ou me o' laſt?—Shew me houſe or lond, mon or woman at I canno buoy wi' aw that ſtuff.

MR. GOODWIN, (*Smiles.*)

Theſe papers are of much greater value.

value. (*Taking notes out of a pocket-book.*)

LONG-JOHN.

What thooaſe ſcraps.

MR. GOODWIN.

Yes.

LONG-JOHN.

Nea, nea, Meaſter Goodwin; dunno yow jeer ſimple fooak.

MR. GOODWIN.

Your daughter knows I do not.—This is the preſent faſhion of carrying a hundred, a thouſand, or ten thouſand pounds in your pocket without trouble.

LONG-JOHN.

Ey marry!—Umph!—But I never liked new faſhions; gi'me th'old, they'll wear th'beſt. Well Roſe, bairn, wilt'ou ha' yan o'theſe bags?

ROSE.

ROSE.

No, thank you, father; what could I do with it?

LONG-JOHN.

Why t'ou mought larn t'yſel to count up to a thouſand.

ROSE.

If I took it, father, I ſhould hope to employ it better. But you forget, we have many queſtions to aſk Mr. Goodwin concerning my aunt.

LONG-JOHN.

Ey, ey; anon, anon wench.

MR. GOODWIN.

Among thoſe bills you will find a promiſſory note for eight hundred pounds, on one Mr. Albany, who was the intimate friend of your ſiſter.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Wauns! did ſhe teak nooats fro' her intimate friends?

MR. GOODWIN.

To ſay the truth, ſhe took all ſhe could get. This Mr. Albany is dead, and has left a ſmall and encumbered eſtate to two nephews, the eldeſt of whom has juſt been with me. He is a good young gentleman, and is afraid you will require payment for the note immediately, which would diſtreſs him greatly, and prevent his educating his younger brother properly.

ROSE.

Deſire him to make himſelf perfectly eaſy; he has nothing to fear: has he father?

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

No, by'r leady, bairn. Here be ten bags, and to want more wur as thof we wur up to the chin in a well and caw'd for more water.

MR. GOODWIN.

I own, yeſterday, after ſpeaking with you, I thought you both had good hearts, and expected this; I therefore deſired young Albany not to make himſelf uneaſy. Some attornies in my place would act very differently, and be glad of an opportunity of proſecuting a needy debtor; nay would have been happy to have had the management of this inheritance for people ſo unſuſpecting as you are. For my part I hope you will find I have acted like an honeſt man.

LONG-JOHN.

Why maſs, meaſter Goodwin, that's a'cauſe yow keeam out o'Cheſhire and fro' our village. An yow 'ad been bred and born in this town o'London whoy you'd'n'a been like the reſt mayhap.

ROSE.

You will find, perhaps, Mr. Goodwin, your honeſty will not be your loſs.

SCENE IV.

To them Albany.

MR. GOODWIN.

This is the young gentleman I mentioned.

LONG-JOHN.

A' ſeems a farrantly youth. Servant Sir— I guouſs what ye cum for; yow be afrighten'd, becauſe we bin

bin but poor coontry fooak, 'at we bin greedy loike a'ter aw we con get: but nooa, nooa; howd a blow there; for, thof we dun wear dowlas, we han chriſtain hearts in our bowels I trow. As for the bairn there, Roſe, hoo be not ſo ruſtificated loike as I Long-John her feeather be, for whoy lukye hoo wur larnt foine breeding, at the hall, by the leady of our townſhip, who loved Roſe as thof hoo had been her ooan beaby. Whereupon Roſe ſays at yow mun pay when ye con, or when ye wool, or never, an't wool do ye a good turn.

ALBANY.

However ſtrongly I feel your daughter's kindneſs, yet, when I ſee her, I ſcarcely can wonder that a form ſo angelic ſhould poſſeſs a correſpondent mind.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

What?—What does he ſay, Roſe?

ROSE.

The gentleman is paying compliments.

LONG-JOHN.

Whoy that be the pleague o'your Londoneers; they be a'ways a meaking foine hoity toity ſpeechifications, that woud ſet aw the men o'Gotham to foind out the meaning on'm.

ROSE.

They are not intended to mean any thing.

ALBANY.

Pardon me—I have been imprudent, perhaps rude; though, indeed, nothing could be farther from my intentions.

ROSE.

ROSE.

Nay, Sir, I hope we ſhall take no light exceptions. As for your debt, that my father, I am ſure, will cancel.

LONG-JOHN.

I know nought about cancel, Roſe, but, an the young gentleman ſays the word, whoy I'll put th' ſcrap o'peaper i' th' foire lo-thee.

ALBANY, (*preventing him.*)

By no means.

LONG-JOHN.

An over an above, an a' wants money, why t'at's more nur I do, an ſo let'n teak t'one o'th' bags whooam wi'n: for our parts we ſhanno know how to get it aw awhooam, nur what to do wi't when 'tis there.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

Sir!

LONG-JOHN.

Howd ye, young gentleman; I pray ye, neow, Sir me nooa Sirs; there a' bin mony an honeſt fellow in our family but never a Sir—An the bag wool be of ony ſarvice to ye whoy teak't o'God's neam.

ROSE.

Mr. Goodwin has told us, Sir, you have a younger brother to provide for, and an encumbered eſtate; my father, I am ſure, will be glad if he can any way ſerve you.

ALBANY, (*Aſide.*)

What a lovely creature!——No, madam, the delay you have kindly promiſed will be ſufficient.

ROSE.

You diſdain my father's offer becauſe he is not a gentleman.

ALBANY.

Oh! Think not ſo—He has the beſt and deareſt part of a true gentleman, he has a gentle heart. I have told you the truth; if he will give me time it's all I wiſh.

ROSE.

Then, Sir, be under no apprehenſion.

LONG-JOHN.

Dunno yow fear we, young gentleman.—Yowr uncle, they ſen, wur Margery my ſiſter's friend.

ALBANY,

(*Aſide to Mr. Goodwin.*)

What, have theſe worthy people been informed already of—

MR. GOODWIN.

(*Aſide to Albany.*)

I know not, Sir; though I well know Leonora was moſt undeſerving of ſuch relations.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Neea, neea, ſpeeak out.

ALBANY.

Excellent father of a moſt amiable daughter, how much do I revere your honeſt and generous hearts! Permit me, while you ſtay in town, ſometimes to viſit you; this place has many deceitful and deſigning people in it, my advice might happen to be ſerviceable.

LONG-JOHN.

What ſays a' Roſe?

ROSE.

Mr. Albany aſks leave to call and ſee you.

LONG-JOHN.

Aſk leave! Wauns! Whoy ſhould a' aſk leave? Long-John never yet ſteck'd the door i' th'

feace of an honeſt mon—Come as often as t'wool, for I tell t'ee I loike t'y keeountenance.

ALBANY, (*to Roſe.*)

And have I your permiſſion?

LONG-JOHN.

Neea, I pray ye neow dunna ſtond on aw this Londonſhoire flib-gib-beriſh. What! an I ſay th' word Roſe is no' th' bairn to gainſay't.

ROSE.

I hope not.

ALBANY.

I cannot, may not, expreſs my admiration, or preſent ſenſations. I will intrude no longer at this time, you have buſineſs, but am moſt happy in the permiſſion granted me occaſionally to return—— (*Going, and aſide.*) Never did I behold

hold ſuch gentleneſs and beauty combined.

SCENE V.

MR. GOODWIN, ROSE, LONG-JOHN, *ſtill holding the bag of dollars under his arm.*

LONG-JOHN.

A's a greadly youth; eean't a' Roſe?

ROSE.

He is, indeed, modeſt and well-bred.

LONG-JOHN.

Well but, meaſter Goodwin, we mun away wi' aw this varmint; theſe ſkip-jacks and doll-trundles. For the heart o'me I conna guoſs what Margery wanted wi'em aw! Roſe an I can cut our ooan bread an cheeſe.

MR. GOODWIN.

You have nothing to do but to pay them their wages; for, your ſiſter dying inteſtate, no perſon has any claims.

ROSE.

My father means, however, to make each of them a preſent; tho' I am afraid they but ill deſerve recompence.

MR. GOODWIN.

You are very right.

LONG-JOHN.

But pray tell us neow, meaſter Goodwin, how Margery became ſich a greeat madam. What, may-hap, hoo 'ad a griſt-greedy of a huſband, t'at helt' nooas o't poor to th' grindſtun.—Maſs I ſhould be roight faſhus to hear that; for I cou'd na' gulp deown wi'a good heart his ſcrapings,

pings, an' curryings, an' cheatings. Th' food would no' be whooalſome, meaſter Goodwin, an' th' groipings o' my conſcience would gi'me th' bally warch.

MR. GOODWIN.

Huſband! What, whoſe huſband?

LONG-JOHN.

Why Margery's huſband; meaſter Leonora. What trade or calling wur he of?

MR. GOODWIN.

Has any body told you ſhe was married?

LONG-JOHN.

Maſs nooa, but how ſhould hoo of herſel get aw this gear, or how keeam ſhe by this neeam of Leonora?

MR. GOODWIN.

She changed her name no doubt

that her origin might remain unknown, or forgotten.

LONG-JOHN.

Well for th' body an ſoul o'me I hanno th' wit to foind out wherein Leonora be better nur Margery.—If I'd gi' a pin to chooſe hong meh. But tell us then heow and abeout this Madam Leonora, ſince Leonora it mun be; which weah hoo bekeeam ſo rich. What I ſuppooas hoo found a hidden treaſure?

MR. GOODWIN.

No, my good friend, ſhe was very handſome; and a handſome woman, in this town, is herſelf a treaſure.

ROSE.

You terrify me, Sir. What Mr. Goodwin hints at, father, but too well correſponds with the diſcourſe of

of her woman laſt night, before I turned her out of my chamber.

LONG-JOHN.

Maſs! I'm ith' dark. But harke-ye, meaſter Goodwin, tell us th' whooal ſtory, th' beginning an end on't.

MR. GOODWIN.

I perceive it will diſpleaſe you.

LONG-JOHN.

Beloike it may; telling truth oft wool diſpleaſe fooak: but, as they ſen truth will eowt, meaſter Goodwin, whoy 'twur more greadly to hear it fro' an honeſt mon nur fro' a' glibfleer-flout, who would chuckle i'th' gizzard wi' joy while a' towd it meh.

MR. GOODWIN.

Your ſiſter, it ſeems, came to London about fifteen years ago, and

in a year or two got into the ſervice of Mrs. Albany, the aunt of the young gentleman you juſt now ſaw.

LONG-JOHN.

Hoo wur a'ways a preoud tooad: an ſo hoo'd reather be i' ſarvice an get ribbands an flibberty-gibblets nur live in a cottage an be her ooan miſtreſs! But greater oaf her. Weel, an ſo this Mrs. Hawpenny, Awbany, heow d'ye caw her, doied an left Margery aw her money?

MR. GOODWIN.

Oh, no; Mrs. Albany is ſtill living.

LONG-JOHN.

Living! Wauns, whoy——

MR. GOODWIN.

Remember that you yourſelf exact the truth from me.

ROSE.

ROSE.

Pray, Sir, go on and conceal nothing.

MR. GOODWIN.

Mr. Albany had a quarrel with his wife.

LONG-JOHN.

Neay, marry, there's nought mich ſurproizing i'that.

MR. GOODWIN.

Mrs. Albany had a gallant, and her huſband diſcovered that.——

LONG-JOHN.

He wur a' (*making ſigns.*) Hey!

MR. GOODWIN.

Alack! It's the way of the world.

LONG-JOHN.

It's a beaſe wicked warld, an I marvel i' my heeart th' varra Beelzebub-Lucifer dooant floy away wi't.

MR. GOODWIN.

There are ſome, I hope many, good people in it.

LONG-JOHN.

More's th' pity then they ſhould live in't, an that they hannot a warld to themſels.

MR. GOODWIN.

Mr. Albany did not grieve much at this diſgrace. He was rich, had no children, and, finding the maid handſomer than the miſtreſs, he carried your ſiſter off, and brought her to this houſe, of which he made her a preſent. Ever after he continued to heap favors on Leonora, the better to be revenged of his wife, in ſo much that, dying about ſix months ago, he has left, as I ſaid, his nephews by no means ſo wealthy as might have been expected.

ROSE.

Oh! my father, what poverty, however painful to ſupport, can be ſo bad as wealth thus wickedly acquired?

LONG-JOHN.

(*With great eagerneſs and indignation.*)

I teak t'ee, Roſe; I teak t'ee.—(*Flings down the bag.*) And may the great de'el teak that, an me into't' bargain, if ever I touch it more.—Faw! my vara fingers eends ſtink on't.

MR. GOODWIN.

You may ſoon convert it into green fields and good arable land.

LONG-JOHN.

What an tread upo' my beaſe fiſter's fow deeds, clot my ſhoon wi' my ooan diſgrace? Nooa, nooa, Meaſter Goodwin.

ROSE.

ROSE.

My dear dear father, how I love you!

LONG-JOHN.

I know t'ou does, Roſe. T'ou'rt a good bairn, an I bleſs my God t'y neeam is not Margery.

ROSE.

The note you offered the young gentleman is not ours but his own, and when I admired my father for being generous I find he was only juſt.

LONG-JOHN.

Ey, ey, wench, a' ſhall ha't back again I warrant t'ee.

MR. GOODWIN. (*Aſide.*)

Theſe people are certainly ſpeaking in a foreign language; one at leaſt I never heard before.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Where's t' peaper——th' nooat, Meaſter Goodwin?

MR. GOODWIN,

(*Takes the note from his pocket-book again.*)

Here it is,

ROSE.

Go directly, Sir, to Mr. Albany, and deliver it into his hands. Is not that what you mean, father?

LONG-JOHN.

Ey, ey, bairn, an never let meh ſee ſoight on't more.

MR. GOODWIN.

I am certain he will refuſe.

ROSE.

He ſhewed ſome deſire to come here again, but tell him, ſhould he ſend

ſend the note back, we will depart into the country inſtantly, and never ſee him again. In ſhort, Mr. Goodwin, we inſiſt on his receiving it. As to the ſervants let them be diſcharged immediately and paid what is their due, and no more; in the firſt place, becauſe there is but little reaſon to ſuppoſe them deſerving rewards; and, in the next, becauſe we have no right to give away what is another's.

LONG-JOHN.

Roight, Roſe, roight—Gooa Meaſter Goodwin, an rid t' houſe o' thoſe foomarts.—I'm ſheamed they ſhould ſee th' brother o' that fow callot their beaſe Miſtreſs: and then go foind the young gentlemon.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

LONG-JOHN, ROSE.

(Long-John ſtands ſometime conſidering, and afterwards ſpeaks with a mixture of dejection in his look and voice.)

LONG-JOHN.

Roſe!—My poor bairn!

ROSE.

Father!

LONG-JOHN.

Haſt t'ou thought weel o' this matter? Haſt t'ou not meade meh ſummut too heaſty? An' t'ou ſhouldſt repent of aw this—

ROSE.

Repent! Never, never, father.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Neay, neay, bethink thee, bairn; 'tis thoy conſarn, lo thee. An t'ou wilt, here art t'ou a wealthy Madam. An t'ou will not, why then, t'ou 'rt only poor Roſe, for t'ou ſees thy father does juſt as 't pleaſes thee. For my ooan pairt, bairn, I care not mich; an I con but live an doy honeſt Long-John, whoy I'm content. But t'ou art young, Roſe, an haſt been uſed to live among gentry: t'ou art tender too, an t'y poor father conno live to work for thee a'ways, an then what ſhall become of thee.—Think o' that, Roſe; think o' that. (*Almoſt crying.*)

ROSE.

I have thought, father; do not fear for me, I can work; but, if I could not, I would rather die than live by ſuch means.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Neay, Roſe, t'ou conſt no' deſpoiſe t' meeans more t'an t'y father. And yit, a'ter aw th' bruit and din this inheritance a' meade i th' village, what wool they ſay when they ſee we be come bock as poor as weh went; and, moreover, when 't ſhall be knooan what a fow pullet Margery a' bin?

ROSE.

No matter, father, what they ſay; it is the opinion we have of ourſelves, not what others have of us, muſt make us happy.

LONG-JOHN.

T'ou 'rt roight, Roſe; t'ou 'rt roight. Be't as 't wool, they canno ſay Long-John ſwaggers wi' th' weages o' wickedneſs.

ROSE.

ROSE.

And we ſhall remember with pleaſure and ſelf-ſatisfaction we have acted properly.

LONG-JOHN.

But we mun pay ſummut dearly for't, Roſe.

ROSE.

Not at all too dear, father. What is there in all this houſe that we have any occaſion for?

LONG-JOHN.

Neay, for my ooan pairt, I dooant ſo mich as know th' uſe o' theſe trinkum trankums; but its other-guoſs wi' thee, Roſe. Heowever, an't wilt, we'll be gone our gait doirectly.

ROSE.

By no means, father; that would only be half performing our duty. We

We ſhould leave every thing to the mercy and pillage of people who have even leſs right here than ourſelves. We muſt ſtay and execute deeds of conveyance to Mr. Albany, of all effects left in our poſſeſſion.

LONG-JOHN,

(*Looking with admiration at Roſe.*)

Ah, Roſe! T'ou ſhouldſt not a bin th' daughter o' poor Long-John; t'ou ſhouldſt a bin a Queen, for t'ou'rt fit to govern a kingdom!— Heowever, I'm main happy to have found eout aw th' voile harlotries o' that beaſe punk. We mun pray th' young gentleman to reward Meaſter Goodwin; a's an honeſt mon. An it had no' bin for he, here had I teaken aw I'ad found, without yance dreaming how't were come by; ant' news would a' got deown before us, and

and every goſſip ith' hundred would a meade her tale o' Long-John.—— See heow breave a' goes! ſays Chubby Simon: I bleſs my meaker I'm foine a'ter no ſick faſhion! anſwers Squat Hal; I con wear my old coat new-ſleeved, an ſhew an honeſt feace at church. Marcy God! where could poor Long-John hoide his yead, an a' wur to hear ſich buzzings? Neay, I know ſome on 'em; an' I'll uphoud meh t'ey are at it by this: but they'll be aw ſet a ſkew-whift when they ſee meh come deown again i'my owd jacket. Ey, ey, Roſe, we'ſt ſew up aw their mouths.

ROSE.

But we muſt remember we have nothing to be vain of, father; we ſhall only have done our duty.

LONG-JOHN.

I canno tell heow tis, Roſe, but t'ou'rt a'ways i'th' roight.—Neow I think ont, bairn, we mought a guoſſed, fro' aw this gilding an foinery an fringe, Margery had no' come honeſtly by aw ſich geer. Fooak dunno meake ſich ducks and drakes o' money when its farrantly yearnt.

ROSE.

Indeed, father, you are now in the right; and I wonder how a proof ſo viſible could eſcape us ſo long. But what fine lady is this who enters with ſo much familiarity?

SCENE

SCENE VII.

LONG-JOHN, ROSE, MISS HARRIET FLOUNCE, *attended by her maid (mute)*

HARRIET.

So, ſo; here they are. Well, good folks, you are mightily amazed, I ſuppoſe, at all you ſee. Upon my word, Leonora managed matters well, ſhe had her wits about her, ſhe has done more in four years than I in ten. She was in luck; Albany was an excellent pigeon, and ſhe has cooed to ſome purpoſe. I myſelf, indeed, have often played her back hand; and, I can aſſure you, you may thank me for more than three-fourths of her jewels. I will tell you theſe things and many more ſome time or other. Humph! Well I de-

I declare, my dear you are vaſtly pretty. We'll call you Louiſa, or Charlotte, or Maria, or ſome other elegant name (for I ſuppoſe your country godmother chriſtened you Dorothy, or Joan, or perhaps Margery, after your aunt) and you will then preſently double your fortune, if you pleaſe: though the times are but bad; and, if it were not for gallant and ill-natured wives, I doubt they would be worſe. Your Nabobs, indeed, have been pretty liberal.—But come, come, ſpeak, ſpeak, my dear, and let me hear if your voice be as mild as your looks.

ROSE. (*Retiring.*)

Madam, I have no acquaintance with you.

HARRIET.

Oh, you won't be long in London before you hear of Harriet. My

name's Harriet—Harriet Flounce—. Though that's not my newſpaper name; I am there called the Cockatoo. I have a poet who writes paragraphs for me, he's one of my ſwains. There was one in a morning paper of yeſterday——" The " charming Cockatoo (that's me) " was, Sunday laſt, in full feather, " ſporting her elegant riding habit " and dapple greys among the " equeſtrians of Hyde-park." I drive four with as much eaſe as Lord Hammercloth himſelf, or Sir John Crane-neck——Hey-ait——

LONG-JOHN.

Marcy on's! Sure hoo does no droive the Cheſter ſteage.

HARRET.

Leonora and I were vaſtly intimate—You ſee that watch ſet with dia-

diamonds—ſhe might thank me for that—it coſt a hundred guineas. I knew Albany was with her, and that they had had a quarrel, ſo in I bolted in my way, brought the watch, praiſed the workmanſhip, and aſked Leonora if ſhe did not think it beautiful; ſhe knew her cue; I ſaid, it was to ſell, and Albany immediately ſent back a draft on his banker, inſtead of the watch. The maker made me a preſent of ten pieces. Oh, a quarrel is the lucky moment to make your market, as I will inſtruct you by and by, my dear.—— Let me ſee—fie, don't be aſhamed before your old Papa—if your leg be as handſome as your foot it will be better to you than a freehold of three hundred a year.

LONG-JOHN. (*Aſide to Roſe.*)

Roſe! teak care bairn! hoo be ſartinloy mad!

ROSE.

I wiſh we could get rid of her.

HARRIET.

You will let her go with me, Papa, it's opera night; Leonora's wardrobe will furniſh us with every thing neceſſary. We ſhall come home late perhaps, but you'll go to bed and not mind us. I'm ſure ſhe muſt ſtrike——

LONG-JOHN.

Let her gooa wi' yow, Maum?

HARRIET.

Yes, yes, truſt her to me, I'll take care of her.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Nooa, but I'll truſt her to herſel; an as to care, an I miſteake not, hoo knows heow to teak care of herſel too.

HARRIET.

Well, well; if you truſt her to herſelf I am ſure ſhe will go with me, won't you, my dear.

ROSE.

I go no where without my father, Madam.

HARRIET.

(*Dancing before a glaſs, and by twirling round, and extending her arms, breaks a branch of a chandelier.*)

I never ſhall get this Veſtris-ſtep. —Well, I declare I have broke a chandelier!—But no matter—La, la, la.

LONG-JOHN.

Maſs, as yow ſen, it wur no' mich matter an they wur aw brok'n.

HARRIET.

Well, I delare, my dear, this Papa of yours is a very good kind of man, conſidering he is a Country-john. Leonora would have ſcolded for a fortnight about ſuch a trifling accident, but ſhe was monſtrous covetous.——And ſo, my dear, you ſay you go no where without your father. Ha, ha, ha, you're a cunning little gipſey I find; and Papa, good man, believes theſe fibs.——Well, well; fibbing, I own, is the moſt natural as well as the moſt uſeful quality woman can have, and I will teach you to turn it to account.

ROSE.

ROSE.

Madam, I can no longer forbear telling you, your behaviour here is not only ridiculous but inſulting.

HARRIET.

Ridiculous! Oh no, my dear, you don't know the world, or you would be charmed with my eaſe and familiar manner—(*Dancing*) La, la, la,—No, my dear, it is your baſhful bluſhes, your ruſtic timidity that are ridiculous. I have ſeen the beſt of company, and mine is the beſt of breeding.

LONG-JOHN.

Wauns, maum, yow a' bin keeapering and babbling a woundy whoile, juſt for aw th' warld loike a bedlamoite; an here have I ſtood wi' my eyes, ears, and mouth open,

but meay th' owd Nick himſel teak meh an I con outcatch yan word yow 'an ſaid. Aw that I con foind eout is, that yow an ſome beaſe deſoign loike upo' my bairn, which noather hoo nur I be ſuitable to; whereby an yow wool teak moy advoice, yow'll go your gait to ſome other ſhop and ſhew your airs an hoigh-breeding, by breaking gilt brackets, an waggling your wattlets, loike a gudgeon wi' a fiſh-hook i'th' gills.

HARRIET.

Ha, ha, ha!—La, la; la.——Poor Papa! What a droll figure you will cut in good company.—It will be monſtrous comical.

LONG-JOHN.

And as for your being the friend o' Margery, whoy, I ſuppooas, yow mought,

mought, for ſich loike friends brought her to what hoo wur:— Thof, for my ooan pairt, I ſhould ne'er a guouſſed ſo mich, fro' ſeeing ye jig your giblets in her chamber a month a'ter her death.

HARRIET.

Her death will be no great loſs, having left ſo pretty a ſucceſſor.

ROSE.

Heaven preſerve me from being, in any ſenſe, her ſucceſſor!

HARRIET.

Country innocence! Well well, it will have its effect.—Oh, pray tell me, are you to have an auction?

ROSE.

You muſt not aſk us, madam, we know nothing of it.

HARRIET.

Becauſe there are certain articles I ſhould be ſorry to miſs.—There is a toilette of the fineſt lace.—Muſt have that.—You will find enough without it, my dear.—Leonora was no fool.—Every thing ſhe poſſeſſed was of the very richeſt and beſt.

ROSE.

They will none of them be of the leaſt ſervice to me.

HARRIET.

I really believe the poor thing ſpeaks ſeriouſly.—One cannot help pitying her!—But no matter, ſhe will ſoon be better taught.—By by, Papa.—Come Jenny.—Sarvant, my dear, ſarvant.—We ſhall meet again —La, la, la, la.——

ROSE.

Never, I hope.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

LONG-JOHN, ROSE.

LONG-JOHN.

Marcy on's! Didſt ever hear th'loike!

ROSE.

No, father, I bleſs my good fortune, never.

LONG-JOHN.

Here an hoo been cackling, warſe nur a hen robbed of her neſt egg, the marcy con tell heow long, an, wur I to be honged up, I could no' ſay over yan word hoo'as gabbled.

ROSE.

I am afraid, father, we have been in very bad company.—Here comes ſomebody elſe.—Heaven defend us from ſuch another viſitor.

SCENE IX.

LONG-JOHN, ROSE, ALBANY, MR. GOODWIN.

ALBANY.

Amazement!——Could ſuch a creature as her I met find entrance here?

ROSE.

Here, or any where, I ſuppoſe, Sir, for ſhe aſks no leave.

LONG-JOHN.

I never beheld th' loike.—Chattering! Keeapering! Singing! A ſkip here, an a curtſey there! Then a ſwim an a ſweep! An next a jump an a ſwing! An deawn comes the gingerbread.—There 't loies.—An then hur keeountenance! Why 't look'd

look'd loike the new ſoign o' th' Saracen's-yead, 'twur ſooa bedaubed! Sartinloy 't could no' be nat'ral!

ALBANY.

I hope Roſe you will forget ever having ſo much as beheld ſuch a perſon.

LONG-JOHN.

What hoo's a fow one then?

ROSE.

I too ſoon ſaw ſhe could not be very good. Alas, my father, we muſt be gone from this contaminated houſe as ſoon as poſſible.—— You, no doubt, Sir, have accepted what this gentleman brought you.

ALBANY.

I accepted it, becauſe only on that condition was I allowed to return; but I hope you ſuppoſe I am come to ſupplicate, to conjure you

you, and your father, not to force, thus, a paper on me, to which I have no right.

ROSE.

Circumſtanced and grieved as we are, we were wrong indeed to give Mr. Goodwin that trouble.

ALBANY.

Dear Roſe! How can I thank you? You wiſh not to humble me. To oblige me to retain this were to overwhelm me with ſhame, and I am moſt deſirous of gaining your eſteem. There is the note, to which I have no claim.

LONG-JOHN.

Howd, howd, meaſter-young gentleman; nooather hoo nur I wool touch that peaper more. But, behowd ye, that's not th' buſineſs.—Yow mun ha' aw this geer and garniſh bock lo'ye.

ROSE.

ROSE.

Yes, Sir, every thing here is yours; and ſhall be put into your poſſeſſion; for which reaſon it was wrong, or uſeleſs, however, to ſend back a part, when the whole appertained to you.

ALBANY.

Certainly, Madam, you cannot think it!

ROSE.

We have thought, Sir, and are determined. All oppoſition will be fruitleſs; we will not profit by the ſpoils of your uncle, or the ſhame of my aunt. We have nothing to preſerve or cheriſh but our innocence, and that we will not barter.

LONG-JOHN.

Heow hoo ſpeaks!—Yea, by'r leady, young gentleman, we mean to

to looke th' warld i'th' feace, an not flap eour hats o'er eour eyes, aſheeamed of day loight an ill gotgen foinery.—Moy ſiſter, more's th' pity, wur moy ſiſter; I conno denoy't.—But, wauns! An I'ad known what aw th' warld mun ſoon know, I would ſooner a' cut off theſe two legs, an a' gone upo' crutches nur a' ſtirred yan ſtep a'ter this beaſe Inheritance.

ROSE.

She, Sir, had only your property in truſt, and it ſhall be legally made over to you.

ALBANY.

My aſtoniſhment, my feelings, cannot find utterance! Never before had I acquaintance with virtue like this! Yet do not ſuppoſe I will meanly profit by what I am thus forced

forced to admire. No, you deceive yourſelves, draw concluſions which are unjuſt: my uncle acted freely; his property was his own, on which we had no legal claim; but, on the contrary, are indebted to his memory for that portion he has left us.

ROSE.

Nay, Sir, do not ſeek to palliate, but ſay, at once, you think meanly enough of us to ſuppoſe us capable of ſupporting the infamy attached to the enjoyment of wealth thus acquired.

ALBANY.

Meanly! I think meanly of you! I were a monſter could I ſo think! How is it poſſible to pay the reſpect due to minds and hearts like yours?

ROSE.

Well, Sir, I believe you are capable of ſeeing the propriety of our conduct,

conduct, and of aſcribing it to juſt motives; therefore, Mr. Goodwin, be kind enough to go, immediately, and draw up a ſhort deed of conveyance.

ALBANY.

Go not, Mr. Goodwin! Stir not on any ſuch buſineſs!

ROSE.

Nay, Mr. Goodwin, I muſt inſiſt.—We muſt ſign it to night, or, otherwiſe, depart with manners as vicious, in the opinion of Mr. Albany, as thoſe to which we are ſo anxious to diſclaim all kindred.—— You will not go I perceive, Sir; I muſt therefore go myſelf, and enquire for another attorney.

MR. GOODWIN.

I ſee you will be obeyed.

SCENE

SCENE X. And laſt.

LONG-JOHN, ROSE, ALBANY.

LONG-JOHN.

Heow bravely t'ou carries t'yſel my bairn! Never, before, i'aw my loife, did I ſee thee ſo reſolute!

ROSE.

I hope, father, circumſtances juſtify my exertion.—Meekneſs I know is my ſex's moſt amiable and natural character; but, were we not to act determinedly now, we ſhould be for ever partakers in guilt which, I hope, our conduct will prove we deteſt.

ALBANY.

And would you have me, Roſe, accept what is your right?

ROSE.

ROSE.

Right! Heavens! How was this right acquired? My aunt had nothing, and nothing could ſhe leave; happy ſhould we have been if ſhe had indeed left nothing!

ALBANY.

You wiſh to be generous, Madam, and will not permit me to be juſt.

ROSE.

No, Sir, it is you who oppoſe juſtice; through fear of wounding your own pride you wiſh us debaſed.

ALBANY.

You rend my heart by the accuſation!—Ah! did you know how dear to me your character and virtues are?—One effort will I make to preſerve them in their full luſtre. On yourſelf, too, it ſhall depend.—

Deign

Deign but to divide this Inheritance and I ſhall then indeed be——

ROSE.

Divide! No, Sir, our diſgrace would be equally great did we accept the ſmalleſt part.

LONG-JOHN.

Roight Roſe! Roight bairn! An we took ſo mich as a pin's point, aw th' weater o' th' Dee could no' waſh us clean.

ALBANY.

This is too much! You ſuppoſe me inſenſible to your debaſement, yet how do you act towards me? What ſuperiority would you not acquire over one whom, I dare hope, you will find worthy your reſpect?

ROSE.

Mutual delicacy I perceive is the reaſon of our difference; but ours is

is juſt, and ſo in every point of view will it prove: yours, Sir, is not ſo. Wherein can you ſuffer degradation by the reſtitution of what is properly your own, and which vice has robbed you of? Is it poſſible for riches to have ſprung from an origin more opprobrious, or guilty, than theſe would be? Or can they become purified by paſſing through our hands? You know, Sir, they cannot: receive therefore what is your due; nay more, what you, ſingly, have no right to reſign, your brother being an equal claimant. His property is under your protection, and muſt not be ſacrificed to a falſe point of honor. Come, Sir, let us be gone, and ſign the deeds.

ALBANY.

Reſpectable father of the moſt wonderous, moſt lovely of women!

Oh,

Oh, aſſiſt me to obtain, from her, the reward of an act to which my heart is ſo averſe!

LONG-JOHN.

Neay, neay, maſs! But let meh underſtond ye, meaſter Albany.—What reward dun yow mean?

ALBANY.

Her heart and hand. On this condition, only, will I ſign the deed.

LONG-JOHN.

Oddſheart! Are ye in yearneſt! Dunno yow forget 'at Roſe han nooa fortin neow?

ALBANY.

None! She has the beſt of fortunes!

ROSE.

But, Sir, my diſgrace.

ALBANY.

Your diſgrace!

ROSE.

ROSE.

Which I inherit from my aunt.

ALBANY.

Falſe prejudice! The eſteem of thoſe narrow minds who could attribute her ſhame to you I never ſhould wiſh to enjoy.

ROSE.

You mean, Sir, I perceive, to impede the preſent buſineſs.—For what would your family think of ſuch a match?

ALBANY.

As of the beſt, moſt prudent, moſt honorable I could make! I was ſurrounded by my relations when Mr. Goodwin came to force me to accept the note: before he came I had related the impreſſion you had made upon me, and I de-

ſired

fired him to ſpeak out, and tell the whole world of the magnanimity with which you acted. I left them all amazed; what then will they be when they are informed of your preſent noble procedure? What when they behold you, and ſhall learn the happineſs of my life is in your hands? Charming and admirable daughter of Virtue! Yes, I read your heart, and will quiet all its delicate fears, will ſign the deed! I and my brother are the heritors of my uncle Albany; you poſſeſs nothing but the pureſt of boſoms, the ſublimeſt of minds, and the moſt lovely, moſt enchanting of forms! Theſe are all the riches you can boaſt!——Oh! And is it for earth and ſenſeleſs metal to be put in competition with theſe? Conſent, then, dear angel conſent,

and ſuffer me, in my turn, to prevail.

ROSE.

Firſt, Sir, let this affair of the Inheritance be terminated, according to right; and, then, if your friends and my father think well—

LONG-JOHN.

Neay, neay, bleſs thee bairn, dunno doubt me.—God i'heaven love thee! an doſt think I wunno do aw I con to meak thee happy?

ALBANY.

Come then, dear Roſe, and be certain that it ſhall ever be the firſt pleaſure of my life to enſure thy felicity, as I am certain mine will be thy whole and only ſtudy.

LONG-

LONG-JOHN.

Maſs, neow am I fully i'th' moind things dunno go ſo croſs-grained i'this warld as ſome fooak would meak us believe; for, here, no ſooner han we done a farrantly good turn than, loye, th' reward follows at th' varra heels o't!

FINIS.